

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,801 Vol. 108.

3 July 1909.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Peculiarly revolting are the circumstances of Sir Curzon Wyllie's assassination at the Imperial Institute. The victim was either the guest or the host of the assassin and his fellows. He had gone out of his way to meet them and lend his official and personal support to the promotion of social intercourse between the two races. No doubt the creature that took this useful, honourable, harmless life will pose as a patriot martyr—an Indian Charlotte Corday—or his friends will so represent him. The murder of his own political aide-de-camp may help Lord Morley to feel the danger of weakening executive authority by the infusion of a prominent Indian element.

Which was to go, Lord Kitchener or Lord Curzon? This may be brutal, but it is a true way of putting the position. The Government in 1905 had to make up their minds whether they would lose Lord Kitchener or Lord Curzon. And they elected to keep Lord Kitchener. Before the Lords debate this week on the Indian Army delicacy might have forbidden this rough speaking; but Lord Morley, Lord Midleton, and Lord Curzon did not scruple to tell the world everything about this miserable business: so it is no good for us to be diplomatic. Henceforward the Commander-in-Chief was to be supreme in military matters, and no one supposed the wraith of the Military Member, to be called the Military Supply Member, would have any terror for the triumphant Commander-in-Chief. The comments at the time, both of those for and those against the change, assumed this. So it seems rather unreal for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon now to be arguing as if the supremacy of the Commander-in-Chief sprang from the disappearance of the Military Supply Member. His passing does not make a new situation; and as Lord Morley is now con-

verted to Lord Midleton's policy, there can hardly be a reversion to the old system, no matter which side is in office.

Lord Curzon fortified his case by an appeal to army organisation here. This was clever, for it almost compelled Lord Lansdowne to support him, seeing that Lord Lansdowne as War Minister had abolished the British Commandership-in-Chief, so fearful was he and his colleagues of a "one-man show". How they got out of this poser in 1905 when they set up Lord Kitchener we do not know. But while it was a very effective reply to Ministers that made the Commander-in-Chief supreme in India, it has no merits. We should take the story of army administration here since the abolition of the Commander-in-Chief as just so much evidence in favour of keeping a Commander-in-Chief and trusting him. Lord Wolseley's scheme, referred to by Lord Curzon as condemned by a commission, would have done better than an Army Council of mediocrities has done. We know now that had Lord Wolseley been listened to more, much of our South African war trouble might have been saved.

Mr. Haldane and the Army Council are fortunate in being able to obtain at desire the approbation of Sir John French, the Inspector-General. When doubts were cast by every known artillery expert on the wisdom of relying on a mass of sham Territorial artillery for the defence of the country Sir John French's opinion was produced in favour of the proposal. Now that many people, including Lord Roberts, have serious doubts as to the adequacy of our defence arrangements, Sir John French once again fills the breach. As to the regular army most of us will agree with him that, both as to knowledge and training, it is in a high state of efficiency, and well prepared to take the field at short notice. Indeed, so far as it goes, it is probable that the regular army has never been more efficient than it is to-day. Accompanying Sir John French's report is a memorandum by the Army Council sketching the history of the organisation of the army since the Cromwell period, and claiming that the new plans are only the logical outcome of that system. The favourite

Haldanean device of counting things twice over is, of course, resorted to. It is stated that we now have 265,515 men to send abroad, as against 185,828 before the days of the Millennium. This, of course, simply means the militiamen are now liable for foreign service—when they are old enough to go—and that they are now called Special Reservists.

Whatever may be the view of the Government, the City takes Lord Charles Beresford seriously, and the opinion of the City still counts even in these Georgian days. And it was more as expert than as hero that Lord Charles was heard with rapt attention for an hour and a half by the overcrowded meeting in the hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The speaker's obvious curb upon himself, his desire to offend none but the merely party man, his depreciation of criticism of other nations' naval action, strengthened his case. He was terribly in earnest. Lord Charles is not an orator, but he has the sailor's knack of getting home.

We must commend for its good taste and judgment, in a speech not the most conclusive in thought, the passage bearing on our relations with Germany. As Lord Charles says, Germany has her own interests to consult. If she wants to build a big fleet, if she thinks it to her own advantage to do it, what right have we or any other country to complain? It was interfering insolence asking Germany at all to stop building. There is no grievance against Germany, but there is every reason for being on our guard against so powerful a rival. We cannot be content to be less than twice as strong on the sea as Germany, which is more than twice as strong as we on land. We see nothing "wild" in this standard.

A very interesting point was raised by questions in the House of Lords about the visit of the fleet to the Thames. It was pointed out by Lord Ellenborough and Lord Cawdor that, according to the Admiralty plans published in the newspapers, a great part of the fleet would be "bottled up" in the narrow waters of the Thames and be placed in an extremely risky position. Lord Crewe would not deny positively that this plan had been authorised by the Admiralty. It seems then to have been worth while to raise the question, and according to the now authorised plan the large ships are to be placed at Southend in a channel so broad that "bottling up" need not be feared. Lord Crewe may argue against the possibility of a coup de main on the ground that it would be a brigand attack not to be contemplated from any civilised Power, but it is better to be on the safe side.

There is a "Chancellor crisis" in Germany, and the question agitating all the parties is whether Prince Bülow will resign. It seems to be settled in the meantime as the result of the meeting of the Chancellor with the Kaiser at Kiel that Prince Bülow will go on at least until an arrangement is made as to the new taxation. There is still some scepticism as to the seriousness of the threat of retirement. It is represented as a move to bring pressure on the Conservatives and the Centre who defeated the inheritance taxation proposals. This may be considered the prominent feeling, though the "North German Gazette" has announced with official gravity that the intention of Prince Bülow to retire is irrevocable.

Already the Conservative and Centre newspapers are beginning to intimate that they are willing to come to terms which would make the retirement unnecessary. The "Kreuz Zeitung", the Conservative paper, states that no occasion for retirement can be recognised, and the "Germania", the Centre organ, states that the majority are ready for an agreement between themselves and the Government. Insistence on their victory would, as the Conservatives see, leave Prince Bülow no alternative but retirement; and this would involve an offence against all their principles. They would dislike above all that a Minister should resign as a consequence of the action of a parliamentary majority. They would be setting a precedent in the new constitutionalism which

they intensely hate. An arrangement may yet conceivably be made with the Chancellor on the hypothesis that the Kaiser has expressed his personal will in the matter. Prince Bülow will have no objection to the theory if he gets what he wants; and so the retirement may yet not be absolutely irrevocable.

Our own Chancellor of the Exchequer's methods in the Budget debate recall Santerre's at the Place de la Révolution. When the most distinguished victims of the Terror raised their voices Santerre drowned them with the drums lest the people should be shaken. Mr. Lloyd George drowns them with the ringing of electric bells. In the intervals between the guillotining of one batch of speakers and amendments and the guillotining of the next, he occasionally offers a few words of defence or defiance. Argument and admission, perhaps, hardly count in this business—the thing that really counts to-day is the action of the guillotine, and the thing that will really count to-morrow will be the action of the House of Lords. Yet we must welcome Mr. Lloyd George's admission as to the moral rights of landowners. On Wednesday, interrupting Mr. Austen Chamberlain, he declared strongly and clearly that the owners of land had an absolute moral right to the increment!

These are far and away the most valuable words spoken by any member of the Government during the Budget debate. If owners of land have an absolute moral right to the increment, it follows they have an absolute moral right to the land itself. That they have a legal right we suppose not even Tower Hill orators would dispute. What, then, are we to think of those "reformers" who have it in their hearts, even in their mouths, to take away from the landowner that which he holds by moral as well as by legal right? After all, is the word "robber" too hard a word to use of land reformers with a lurch for getting hold of other people's property?

This handsome admission by the Government—which Mr. Hughes, we hope, will have printed as a leaflet at the Central Office and distributed throughout the country—was made during the only interesting debate on the Budget this week. The debates on Monday and Tuesday for the most part were legal technicality. They did, however, draw from Mr. Lloyd George a strong condemnation of the whole leasehold system. For building purposes this system is, he thinks, thoroughly immoral. We suppose the only moral houses ever built on leased land are the houses of the artificial smallholders whom the Government are trying to establish. It is odd to reflect that a session or two ago leasing land for smallholders to build on was so much better than selling land for smallholders to build on! In what way exactly the leasehold house is an immoral or "thoroughly vicious" place, Mr. Lloyd George, though Mr. Balfour pressed him, refused to say.

As to this increment duty which has been discussed this week, peer after peer has written to the press announcing that he intends, if the Budget pass, to sell some of his land or to turn away some of the hands he now employs. This is a sort of sport from a Radical view. Sneers and guffaws greet every addition to the list of "splendid paupers" whom this first real democratic Budget is smiting well. Yet the jest will appear wretched enough when the estate workmen lose their work and lose their homes. We might mention several cases where arrangements are now being made to reduce the staffs. The worst of it is that those who will lose their jobs are not the younger and more active, but the older hands—men who are too old to be sure of getting fresh work and not old enough for the Government's five shillings a week.

And as to an owner being forced to sell his land, is this not, too, a wretched theme for a jest? Surely any man who can think somewhat higher than his stomach or his pocket will find merit in the landowner who cares for his estate and greatly wishes to live on it because it has long been in his family. This is care for property

that has nothing gross or carnal about it. There are thousands of landowners still who have this kind of entirely honourable pride. By a hard struggle against thirty years of farming depression they have just managed to keep their estates, large or small, in the family. The disappearance of this class can be nothing but an ill.

At the meeting of the Unionist Free Trade Clubs it was decided that the executive should carefully consider the desirability of attacking certain Tariff Reform seats unless some proposals were made for the cessation of the Tariff Reform attacks on Free Trade Unionists. This will probably be about as effective as the alternative Budgets on Free Trade lines Lord Cromer and Lord Avebury are exercising their wits upon. It is very natural that they should want to hit out, but Lord Hugh Cecil's view is that he would rather let the matter alone. Lord Cromer wants the Government to be defeated by the Tariff Reformers for two reasons. It would put an end to the socialist attack on property and show that Tariff Reform itself is impossible. Why, then, should Unionist Free Traders want to win a few seats from Tariff Reformers?

From a letter of Lord Bessborough it appears that the East Marylebone branch of the Tariff Reform League are bent on making mischief. A Unionist Association, independent of the Marylebone Constitutional Union, is to be formed for East Marylebone. This, of course, means an association to oppose Lord Robert Cecil. Lord Bessborough and his followers evidently think it better not to have a Unionist as member at all than a Unionist who is not a Tariff Reformer. They will not get in a Tariff Reformer against Lord Robert Cecil. Either Lord Robert will be elected again in their despite, or a Liberal will get in. Neither event would be without prejudice to the Conservative cause. The best thing, of course, would be for Lord Robert to become a Tariff Reformer; the next best that he should be returned by grace of Conservatives who do not agree with his tariff views. This Unionist tomfoolery, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, should be squashed.

The promotion of Mr. Herbert Samuel to Cabinet rank is neither unexpected nor undeserved. His abilities are of a kind peculiarly fitted to holders of office. Clear-headed and clever-tongued, alert, precise and self-possessed, he brings to the advocacy of a measure, or in aid of its defence, a brain full of facts, each in its place and ready for instant service. The details of his subject are at the ends of his fingers, and he loses no time looking for them elsewhere. He stands for a type that results from the twin virtues of earnestness and application, and his success is eminently the reward of merit. It is quite possible that he may climb very high, as he has a tenacious grasp and is the reverse of giddy; but a drain of hot blood is not to be despised in politics, and the man who seldom smiles and never makes mistakes may find admirers but draws no enthusiastic followers. It is the chief of Mr. Samuel's faults that he is so faultless.

The Under-Secretary to the Home Office has fortune as well as himself to thank, however, for his present advancement. His conduct of several Bills through the Grand Committees—notably the Eight Hours Coal Miners Bill—has been admirable from the party point of view. This demands that a Bill shall come downstairs in much the same shape as it went up; if it returns to the floor of the House in a tumbled, unrecognisable condition, it is evident that those in charge have bungled and been bested by the Opposition. Amendments proposed in Committee should be either answered or accepted, but Mr. Samuel has frequently accomplished the difficult task of scotching a proposal against which his chief, the Home Secretary, could find no adequate reply. The seal was set on his reputation during the debates on the Licensing Bill of last session, when it became apparent, after experiments had been made by almost every member of the Government bench, that he alone understood the measure and could explain its provisions. If Mr. Samuel has seized his opportunities, Mr. Herbert Gladstone has pro-

vided them; spectacular rescues can be effected only through the floundering of a victim, and from them who seek rewards thanks are in measure due to those who cannot swim. We hope the recognition is mutual.

Mr. Seymour Keay's name dropped out of politics long ago. But a good many people must remember him as a very quaint House of Commons figure. There was a Mr. Pickwick in the House not many years ago, but Mr. Seymour Keay represented a much more difficult Dickens figure, Simon Tappetit. The likeness was quite extraordinary; and, like Simon, Mr. Keay was for waging heroic combats with giants. He came out fearlessly on the subject of finance. He loved to hold forth on Budgets, and Mr. Gladstone would listen to him quite seriously on this subject. We have heard a Chancellor of the Exchequer say in the Lobby that there was something in what Seymour Keay argued, though the House of Commons and the Press took him for a bore.

The split between the Government and the cow-hunters in the House of Commons has developed through revolt to conflict, deep, definite, and likely to last until such time as the bishops order "the boys" to change their opinions "in the interests of Ireland". The talk of "the boys" is about "betrayal", but they must keep it strictly private. Had they been independent of the Government, how could the Government have betrayed them? Their independence of the Government has been their boast in Ireland, but if Ireland got to know about the "betrayal" she might ask awkward questions about the "independence". On the other hand, the members of the Government, at least among themselves and their closer friends, are very free about their contempt for "the boys". For the present, feeling is very hot, but the honourable member for Cardinal Logue and the honourable member for Archbishop Healy will no doubt be able to bring "the boys" to order when the proper time comes and the bishops give the word.

The motives and methods of Irish Nationalism betray themselves once again in the treatment of Sir Horace Plunkett's interview on the Land Bill published in the "Morning Post" for Thursday. His statements are clearly set out and marked off, but other statements, which he never made, are deliberately attributed to him and scattered broadcast through Ireland, with the evident purpose of hindering his industrial propaganda. In one of these statements falsely attributed to him leaders of the League are described by the interviewer himself as "political hooligans", but by this time the peasants are reading that description of themselves as coming from Sir Horace, who has never used such language regarding any of his fellow-countrymen. It is pitiful that men in charge of publicism can descend to such thoughtful falsehood, but, on the other hand, does it not look like the desperation of failure?

The Miners' Eight Hours Act has begun very badly. It has almost led to the greatest strike that has ever been known. When it was in the House of Commons one argument against it was that it would give rise to new labour troubles. It has already done this, and though the threatened strike has been averted the fear of it has sent up prices immensely and caused great loss to the South Wales ports. The dispute is only put off, and whether the miners shall work the sixty extra hours allowed by the Act may come up again. The miners may refuse to work the extra hours in any particular instance proposed to them. And, besides, this point may arise elsewhere than in Wales. At present there is a great strike of miners threatened in Scotland. There has been great want of consideration for Mr. Churchill. The Welsh coalowners and colliers actually settled the dispute without waiting for him.

M. Homyakoff, the President of the Douma, who is now in England with representatives of its various parties, has given himself the trouble of explaining to the Labour party that it is as ignorant of Russia as it is of ordinary decency in its attacks on the Tsar. He and

his colleagues are insulted by the distinction made between the Tsar and the Russian nation. We should translate M. Homyakoff's polite phrases into the advice that the cobblers of the Labour party should stick to their last and not interfere with matters they have neither the education nor the experience to understand. When the troubles in Russia broke out, there were too many Englishmen who imagined that they might insult the Tsar in the name of Russia. They have learned better, and now leave it to the Labour party to stand for the fool Englishman.

"Deeds, not words", said Mrs. Pankhurst in "an emotional speech" as she took the women "forth to battle" at Westminster. Then she slapped a policeman for the offence of attending to his duties, including the duty of protecting her; and in return he behaved like a gentleman. She might knock off his cap, but he would not have his dignity farther disturbed, and he continued to protect her until she was quietly locked up. The "battle" really ended with the cap and the breaking of the official windows. The rest was for the unemotional machinery of the police court. Happily our police-magistrates are too sensible to allow any consideration of sex to affect them in court.

The Anti-socialist League held a successful meeting in the Whitehall Room of the Hôtel Métropole on Tuesday. Mr. Walter Long is a pleasant speaker. His voice and manner are good, and he makes his points with an ease and perspicuity which are exactly suited to a well-dressed, comfortable audience. But the ladies and gentlemen who applauded Mr. Long at the Hôtel Métropole are not the horny-handed sons of toil who make up the bulk of the electors. We do not quite know why the managers of the meeting put up Sir Charles Euan-Smith to talk finance to the West End. Like Lord Avebury, Sir Charles Euan-Smith has not been wholly successful in his handling of the finance of other people in the City. To give him precedence of Sir John Rolleston, who has fought Leicester several times and sat for it in one Parliament, and who is, besides, a really capable man of business, does not show much discrimination.

A well-known novelist once told Lord Grey that he considered the chief function of a Governor-General was to flap his wings and crow. At the Dominion Day dinner on Thursday, if Lord Grey resisted the temptation to flap his wings he found it impossible not to crow. Where every other member of a happy brood is so engaged it would be too much to expect Chanticleer in chief not to take the lead. Canadians have indeed better reason than a good many to demonstrate on occasions, and in Mr. R. L. Borden's opinion Lord Grey is perhaps the best Canadian of them all. His enthusiasm is natural. During the years of his Viceroyalty, Canada has rushed ahead; it may astonish some people to learn that the Dominion to-day has a population of 7,000,000. And we have Lord Grey's assurance that the American invaders, 80,000 apparently last year with more to come, will not leaven but be absorbed.

The censorship discussion is becoming a bore. The thing, we mean the censorship—we are not so sanguine about the discussion—cannot go on much longer, and the sooner the end comes the better. Right or wrong on paper, it has failed practically. A censorship that has nothing to say to immoral suggestion but is shocked at truth is a fraud. It seems to us that a dishonest playwright would find it easy enough to get round Mr. Pigott or Mr. Redford; while the unusually honest ones are the victims. Mr. Alexander's apology for the censor is frankly immoral. He thinks it grand for the theatre manager that once a play has got past the censor nobody can touch it. The manager is to leave his responsibility and conscience with the censor, who, you know, never says anything so long as you observe the conventions. But Mr. Bernard Shaw would do well to leave the matter alone for a time. A daily letter even from him palls.

PRINCE BÜLOW'S LEGACY.

AS is his way, Prince Bülow is making the best of a bad job. He will get as much money as he can and then he will go, leaving the new problems just emerging in German politics to be dealt with by a new man. But he is not to go just yet. First he is to act as mediator between the Reichstag and the Federal Council, and thus once more to show his adroitness in combining elements apparently irreconcilable—a fitting curtain to the career of one who these eight years has picked so delicate a way and avoided so deftly the political crevasses that threatened to engulf him. His qualities have proved his ruin. No one but Prince Bülow could have dreamt of a working majority composed of Conservatives and Liberals—who, after all, disagree about most things under the sun. And now nemesis has overtaken this most skilful juggler with political combinations. Less than three years ago he appealed to the country against the Catholic Centre and the Socialist Left. The clericals returned with undiminished strength and formed the chief element of the combination by which the Chancellor has been defeated. The Socialist representation was diminished by nearly fifty per cent., and in the critical division on the succession duty, when the Government was beaten by only eight votes, the Socialists voted with the minority. The whole episode should prove instructive to Prince Bülow's successor.

In every political crisis there is a tendency to take too personal a view of the situation. The Chancellorship of the German Empire is, of course, too great an office for a change in its tenure to be immaterial; and the retirement of one of the ablest diplomatists in Europe is an important event. At the same time the German Empire stands where it did; its policy and its ambitions remain, despite all changes of persons. What really concerns England and Europe is whether Germany will manage to pay her way, and what is really material in the present situation is not that Prince Bülow is about to resign but that the revenues of the Empire are to be increased by a sum little short of £20,000,000 annually. There are some who still cling to the view that Germany is a poverty-stricken country whose inhabitants live on black bread and questionable sausages. Such notions are absurd; there is plenty of money in Germany, but the Government finds it very difficult to reach. Two great obstacles block the way to every financial reform. The first is the monetary relations between the Empire and the Federated States; the second is the quarrel between the agrarians and the industrialists. Neither of these obstacles has been overcome, though the reforms of last November proposed to deal with both. The constitutional question has been shelved; the party conflict has become more bitter than ever—and in spite of this double failure Germany is able to look forward to an increase of revenue which will yield a very satisfactory number of Dreadnoughts. Nothing could be more profoundly significant of the vast financial capacity of the modern German Empire than that this result should have been attained without the most obvious new sources of revenue being so much as tapped.

Nevertheless it is certain that £20,000,000 will not carry Germany through. It is probably not quite enough to cover the expenditure of the moment, and the future will bring heavy obligations both as regards armaments and in matters of social policy. Moreover the financial problem, deliberately shelved for some years past by the device of annual loans, has now been definitely raised. The fight must go forward to a finish, and its direction will occupy much of the attention of Prince Bülow's successor. First stands the problem of matricular contributions, at present scarcely ripe for settlement because the States do not know what they want. On the one hand they are repudiating further burdens, and they have been so far successful in their efforts that sums for which they are constitutionally liable have been transferred to the imperial debt. On the other hand they are extremely jealous of their authority, and for this reason they have

refused to sanction an imperial income tax, which, if once accepted, would provide all the money necessary for many years to come. Their position is thus hopelessly illogical; they cannot both eat their cake and have it. If the Empire is to raise the revenue it must be provided with the necessary powers; if the States are to retain their powers unimpaired they must raise the revenue. It is the dilemma which confronts every federation. It accounts for the absence of an income tax in the U.S.A. and is responsible for the financial deadlock in the Australian Commonwealth. In Germany it has been the cause of more than one political crisis, and on paper the position of the States is so overwhelmingly strong that they may not shirk other crises in future. But the present position of European affairs tends to augment the power of the Empire, which is entrusted with the business of defence, and it appears likely that the Empire will prevail in the long run because time is on its side.

The issue of the struggle between the agrarians and the industrialists is at once more doubtful and more pressing. The present phase opened in 1894 when Count Caprivi concluded a series of commercial treaties which involved a reduction of the duty on imported foodstuffs. At the same time an exceptionally good harvest brought about a further decline in price, and the agrarians raised the cry "We are betrayed". Then was formed the famous Agricultural League (Bund der Landwirte), which speedily made itself the strongest force in German politics. It commands a solid block of fifty to sixty votes in the Reichstag; it dominates the whole of rural Germany; and it is mainly responsible for the collapse of Prince Bülow's financial scheme. Fifteen years were to elapse before the industrialists retorted on this move. Early in June, however, when it became apparent that the Government was resolved on compromise if not on surrender, a huge meeting was held in Berlin at which it was decided to form a new Hanseatic League. The new body has lost no time in getting to work. Its manifesto has been issued broadcast over the country and is backed by some of the greatest names in industrial Germany. The league is to be representative of every form of trade, commerce, or industry, and aspires to a membership running into hundreds of thousands. Membership is open to heads of firms on payment of a minimum contribution of 3s. annually; from employees the payment of a single shilling will suffice. The league is avowedly a counterblast to the agricultural Bund. Like it, it will run candidates for election and bring pressure to bear on the Government, and it contemplates the holding of meetings and the distribution of literature among the whole industrial population, thereby intruding on the preserves of the social democracy.

There is already no doubt that the new organisation will achieve a fair measure of success. It has been indiscriminately abused by the agrarian press, and it is even rumoured that the Conservatives, by refusing to withdraw the taxes on dividends, flour mills, and coal, to which the Government objects as injurious to industry, will force a dissolution and thus precipitate a crisis before worse things befall. The present fears are doubtless exaggerated, but it is likely enough that the new body will exercise an enormous influence on German politics. It is, indeed, on large bodies of this kind that the German Government is forced to depend. Outside the centre there are no real parties in Germany; there are only groups of interests, and even in the case of the centre the bond of union is not political but religious. The Government very properly refuses to identify itself with any one interest, and relies on a scratch majority formed of a number of groups. But impromptu combinations of this character are necessarily without that widespread external organisation such as is at the use of English parties. Accordingly, when embarking on some new and important policy, the Government favours the creation of some special organisation for the influence of public opinion. Hence the importance of the Navy League, without whose propaganda the German Navy would never have been built. Hence, too, it is that the Agricultural League

has been able to tie the Government to an agrarian policy which it once showed some disposition to abandon. Hitherto, however, industrialism has remained unorganised, and though its interests have assuredly not been neglected, it has received no favours at the hands of the State and has not been able to demand support. Those days of passive acceptance are over, and Junkertum suddenly finds itself confronted with a foe whom it may be unable to resist. No wonder that Prince Bülow, already weary of his perpetual task of combination and bargaining, determined to resign on the emergence of the powerful engine which his own policy has called into being.

"WHY NOT LEAVE IT ALONE?"

AN adviser like Lord Melbourne was sadly wanted during the Lords' debate on Indian military administration. The discussion brought up a melancholy category of things that had better have been left alone. First, we find Lord Morley of his own initiative forcing on the Government of India the abolition of the "Supply Member". Everyone concerned knew very well that the post was useless. It was invented as a rather clumsy compromise by a Government that had to choose between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener. Like many another compromise, it finally failed. The measure of its mischief however is the £10,000 a year it is computed to have cost the Exchequer. The Indian Government thought the avoidance of a very unpleasant and undignified public controversy to be worth the money. Why not leave it alone? But in matters of greater moment Lord Morley has not hesitated to initiate the policy and reject the advice of the best authorities in India. He has saddled the revenues with immense charges for Councils not wanted, and fraught with great potential dangers. But a lakh and a half for a sinecure just to cover up the blunder of political adversaries is quite another thing. So economy won the day. Incidentally Lord Morley found an opportunity to praise his own "reforms" on the singular ground that they conciliate the population from which the Native Army is recruited. The people who ought to be—but apparently are not—conciliated by the "reforms" are the middle-class Bengalis. But the whole population of Bengal does not contribute, and never has contributed, a single soldier to the Native Army. Was it to placate the Sikhs and Pathans that Lord Morley appointed a Bengali lawyer to rule over them? Or did he intend thereby to recognise and strengthen the loyal adherence of the ruling chiefs to British rule? He must know that the new representatives of the people will be drawn chiefly from the classes and races that the Army holds in contempt. This unhappy obiter dictum is another thing that might very well have been left alone.

Lord Middleton naturally regrets the premature and violent death of an arrangement which was his own child. Nothing in life is more pathetic than the affection always shown by a parent for his deformed or sickly offspring. But there is no place in politics for a parade of this natural feeling. And why contest the title of a "compromise"? The only justification for it is that it really was what Lord Morley justly describes as a provisional and tentative proposal, made in the forlorn hope of averting an unedifying strife between two great public servants which must otherwise result in the loss of one or other to an Administration that had great need of both. Had the present change been made promptly on Lord Curzon's resignation all this would have been avoided and the resuscitation of a very disagreeable incident have been avoided. Lord Middleton almost seems to claim for his "reform" that it has enabled Lord Kitchener to increase the number of officers in the Indian Army, and so avert a peril to which the Home Army is exposed to-day. He might have left this out. The Indian Government was able to strengthen its staff because it could, and did, provide funds to pay them. That £10,000 would have supplied another half-score or so.

If, as we must hold, Lord Curzon's resignation

was the episode in his memorable Viceroyalty least becoming his office and himself, what is to be said of his action in reviving this infructuous controversy? The unpleasant personal element that must come in ought to have deterred him, even if he were uncontestedly in the right and able to prove it. He has failed to do this. Most people will share Lord Morley's difficulty in discovering any practical object in the discussion. Answering this challenge, Lord Curzon has explained that his object was to call attention to a system of military administration that the present Government had condemned when in opposition, that would not be tolerated in England, and has no parallel anywhere. The general principles of Lord Kitchener's scheme were formulated, discussed, and decided four years ago. That scheme extends far beyond a mere reconstruction of the dispositions at headquarters, which are an integral and necessary part of the organisation, but nothing more. It has so far stood the test of time and experience. By general admission the efficiency of the Indian armies has been immensely increased. The little campaigns that have afforded any test, however inadequate, of its practical working have been in every case a signal success. None of Lord Curzon's lurid prophecies of red ruin and the breaking-up of laws, of the establishment of a military autocracy and the dethronement of civil power, none of these serious prognostications shows any signs of fulfilment. The only forecast of the late Viceroy that has come true is the one where he followed the wise principle of "never prophesy unless you know". Like the rest of the world, he certainly did foretell the disestablishment of the Supply Member. Even then it was common knowledge. And this is all that has happened to justify Lord Curzon in disinterring an unhappy controversy out of which he emerged with some loss of dignity, if not of reputation. Lord Curzon, in short, has been badly advised. And to those who with us admire his great qualities and recognise both the high importance of his achievements in the past and the equally high prospect of his future services to the State, the worst is that he seems in this matter to have been his own adviser. Why could he not have left it alone?

As to the merits of the question it is unnecessary again to go over old ground. The constitutional reasons have receded, and the main attack is now directed against the Atlantean load piled on the Commander-in-Chief by the removal of the Supply Member. Even Lord Roberts can now find no other reason for keeping him. On the hypothesis, the post is abolished because experience has shown that there is not enough work in quantity or quality to justify its retention. The money it has cost has been well spent if it has done nothing more than prove that the Army Administration can get on very well without it. As for the rest, one would think, to read some parts of this debate, that there was only one efficient soldier at a time in all India, and he the Commander-in-Chief. There are scores of them as good to-day as India has ever produced, though they may not have filled the public eye, ready and able to take the place of those above or below them who may be called elsewhere. And, further, though no one in the House of Lords thought fit to repel the charge, there will be no lack of qualified advisers ready to give their opinion frankly and freely, when it is wanted, even if it is unpalatable. The officers of the Indian Army are not a body of time-servers.

Among the speakers who seemed to find relief in irrelevancy was Lord Wolverhampton. India has not often had so good a Secretary of State. But even pride in an office he so worthily filled can hardly justify his suggestion that the supreme authority in India should be other than the Governor-General in Council, or that salvation may be sought in the personal initiative of the Secretary of State. These matters he might have let alone. But assuredly in the immediate question under debate he struck the right note when he declared that the best course which can now be taken is to "let the thing work on" and deal with improvements in detail as events suggest them.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

IF Sir John Fisher is really about to retire from the post of First Sea Lord, then rather than endanger the great constructive work of building up our preparations for 1913 and 1914 we would urge on contending parties a truce to all the bitter feeling which he has created in a service he but imperfectly understood. We have ourselves from time to time urged that the Board of Admiralty has a collective responsibility, but, unfortunately, it was impossible to ignore the letter in which Lord Esher revealed Sir John Fisher as the sole author of the evils from which the Navy suffers. That Lord Esher regards the changes which have caused the notorious dissensions afloat as blessings is of little interest beside the importance of his testimony that he was shown the whole of these changes in outline by Sir John Fisher before he had joined the Board, and at a time when he could not have consulted his future colleagues or studied the evidence on which his predecessors had pursued a more orderly policy. Rushed upon a great service governed by traditions which have ever been a source of immense strength to it in war, these changes were made without the slightest regard for evidence or tradition. They were supported by methods such as the notorious Bacon-Mann letters and the Admiralty pamphlet "The Truth about the Navy", all of which were circulated at the public expense. It is easy to understand the intense bitterness excited, and to see how demoralisation on the one side produced demoralisation on the other until a state of affairs was evolved in which both sides could be accused of intriguing with politicians and journalists. So ardently did one camp desire the removal of Sir John Fisher for the salvation of the Navy that their opponents alleged they could always be used by the less reputable and scrupulous Cabinet Ministers for the purpose of terrorising the Admiralty into curtailing naval expenditure. "We have admirals ready to hand who will place at our disposal the advice suited to reduced Navy estimates" is a potent argument in the hands of a Government. We are opposed to the Board of Admiralty and most of its works during recent years, and if we have said hard things about any officer on it this has been because he ceased to act up to the noble traditions of the Navy and chose to be a politician. It was an example which was bound to spread both among friends and opponents until the Navy stood in danger of forgetting that its chief business was "to keep the foreigners from fooling us".

While we find much to approve of in Lord Charles Beresford's demands in regard to cruisers and other small craft and the absolute necessity of providing for the defence of our commerce, we deplore the line he took about battleships as heartily as his detractors will welcome it. It is so far removed from what was looked for, and not in vain, from Lord Charles Beresford in his prime that one cannot resist the suspicion that the Government have succeeded only too well in their ill-omened project of creating political sailors by playing off one camp against another, while Germany goes steadily ahead with the nation and navy at one. When Lord Charles Beresford characterises a demand that we should lay down two Dreadnoughts for every one Germany lays down as the insane demand of wild men, and as "ludicrously absurd", does he not prompt a suspicion that the demand is anathema because it happens to be inspired by Sir John Fisher and backed by the latter's supporters, Mr. Stead, Lord Esher, and Mr. Garvin? When he says that twenty-six Dreadnoughts to Germany's twenty-one and sixty-six large armoured ships to forty-one for Germany are enough, is he not pandering to the very self-deception in which the Cabinet have indulged of casting out the United States from the two-Power standard? In days when the outlook was far less threatening Lord Charles Beresford was not satisfied with a Government which was laying down two ships for each one laid down by France, and by his impetuous advocacy rendered great service to his country by causing the Government to introduce the Naval Defence Act. It is true that he says the eight

Dreadnoughts demanded for this year must be laid down at once, and so brings himself into apparent agreement with Imperialists, the Navy Committee of the House of Commons, and the Guildhall Meeting. After this year, however, his programme stipulates for laying down only six Dreadnoughts up to 31 March 1912, so that the six should be completed by 31 March 1914. This provides for three a year as compared with four a year in the programme of Germany. How is it possible to justify eight this year to be laid down at once if only three are required next year, and wild words can be quoted from the distinguished admiral that prior to the Dreadnought we were on a four-Power basis? What will happen as the result of Lord Charles Beresford's intervention? His plea in regard to Dreadnoughts will be quoted for all it is worth by the Little Navy party, while the advocates of a strong Navy will hesitate to use his authority, which in their view he has thus damaged, by quoting his powerful advocacy of cruisers and other small craft as well as a proper reserve of stores. It is right that Lord Charles Beresford should draw the attention of the great commercial men at the City meeting to the dangers threatening our trade routes and to the absolute need of cruisers for hunting down the enemy's commerce destroyers, but the historical lesson is that the defence of commerce ultimately rests on the successful operations of the fleets, and it would be an ill service to England if in a future war we were to find all our operations hampered by the fact that our margin of superiority in battleships is too narrow to provide for the requirements of fulfilling our traditional policy of keeping the sea in a position to bring the enemy's fleets to action the moment they leave their harbours. The supremacy of the battleship fleets is the first consideration, for without it no provision of cruisers, destroyers, stores, or coaling stations will avail. On the battleships depends the command of the sea. Then come the other considerations. The cruisers are the eyes of a fleet. Large ships cannot be wasted or dispersed to hunt for small commerce destroyers; therefore more cruisers are wanted for this purpose. The fleets are liable to torpedo attack at night when the crews need rest. Therefore picquets of destroyers must be kept at sea to hunt down torpedo craft. In each case they must be in sufficient strength so as not to be driven off, and as ships which keep the seas must coal, they have to be very numerous. We do not think that Lord Charles Beresford exaggerates our requirements when he demands thirty-six cruisers and seventy-six destroyers (twenty-four of our enlarged type) to be completed by March 1913. Of these we have only provided six cruisers and twenty destroyers under this year's programme, leaving us in two programmes to average fifteen cruisers and twenty-eight destroyers per annum with the colonial assistance which he commends to the empire for this purpose. The demand is tremendous, but it has been brought about by the wicked policy of deferring our liabilities. It is one based on a consideration of the naval strength of Germany alone. Lord Charles Beresford, in respect of the two-Power standard, might contend that his business as a sailor is to leave the standard to the Government, and to indicate only what is required to keep to it. If so, it is our emphatic opinion that he should have made his position clearer before he indicated a programme which provides in 1910 and 1911 for only three Dreadnoughts per annum as compared with four per annum for Germany. We believe that to act on such advice would stimulate the naval pretensions of Germany, whereas the policy of two keels to one would render the race so hopeless as to lead to its abandonment.

THE GENESIS OF A CRIME.

THERE is no longer any mystery about the mechanism by which the London and South Western Bank was fooled and robbed by the two young men King and Robert. After months of painstaking labour the detectives and the bank agents worked it out. King, a young man aged twenty-nine, took advantage

of his knowledge of the bank's business procedure to devise a scheme which was as simple as it was ingenious, as the most effective schemes always are. Robert, a youth we might almost say of twenty-three, took on himself the part of the gentlemanly impersonator of the fictitious person whose account had been transferred from one branch to another. Seven or eight branch bank managers fell into the trap; King and Robert had nearly £3,000 to share between them; and the bank had the problem before them of discovering which out of their numerous clerks was the possible and probable culprit. The demonstration was complete that King had sent the transfer notes to the branch banks. Part of the proof, indeed, consisted of similarity of handwriting; and this of recent years has become very much suspect. But there remained no doubt when the father of King gave evidence that his son had confessed to having "engineered that D. S. Windell business". This fictitious name introduces us to the most curious feature of this daring raid. The concoction of it is the first thing that suggests that this crime has a more than usually interesting psychological history. An ordinary common-sense man would not imagine that a person of determined criminal mind could start a coolly nefarious crime by playing a practical joke. It was almost a danger signal in itself to the bank manager to suspect something. King devised the name, and he was described as a young man with a genius for friendship to whom everybody was devoted. This does not seem to be the sort of temperament which plots cautiously and takes cold-blooded precautions. The people who are liked are the impulsive, rattle-brained fellows, the practical jokers, who, with more vitality than brains, get themselves and others into trouble by doing something without realising its consequences. Robert has given as extraordinary an account of himself as was ever written. He is a visionary, fantastic, with an imagination which more even than is usual in the adolescent confounds all the boundaries of the real and the possible. We should not think of taking his account of himself literally. Probably half of it is pure fantasy; but this would only show that he lives on the borderland where genius and insanity meet. One worthy witness told how Robert wanted him to believe that a stone had life in it, and witness could not convince him that it had not.

Now fancy this "inspired idiot" being brought into contact with King, "the commonplace type with a stick and a pipe and a half-bred black-and-tan". A coarse-natured, insensitive fellow, who could remark airily to his distressed father, who spoke to him of his crime, "Nonsense, that's only my arrears of salary". We do not know how the two met, but we think we see how they stood to each other. King prided himself on his knowledge of the world and common-sense, and was amused with Robert as a poor fool who only appeared the more foolish for the accomplishments which King lacked. Robert was a vain fool. He had sense enough at first not to take the suggestion of the enterprise seriously. But King knew the man he was getting his amusement out of. "I listened to the details", says Robert, "like a novelist may consider the details of a plot which ultimately he will employ in some shape or form in his projected novel. Until it came to filling up the forms the scheme in my mind was wholly disconnected with myself. Then what I can only describe as a curious psychological process took place. Till that time it had been the hero of the romance who was going round to the banks. All of a sudden I substituted myself in his place. Instead of the plot remaining imaginary I became very excited with the prospect of making it a reality, with myself the hero of one of the most daring and ingenious schemes of modern times."

Up to this point we can believe that King had no other intention than to see how far he could fool Robert. He had gulled and "spoofed" Robert into posing as a hero of romance. Then came Robert's turn to react on King. From this moment Robert became the leader by the force of his superior character over King. Robert the

visionary had had a life of adventures and made a way successfully for himself where King would have starved. King was not adventurous; he had been for years an ordinary plodding bank clerk "with the best of characters", and living on £150 a year and the prospect of a pension. Robert had engaged in half a dozen different intellectual occupations with equal facility. We imagine that when Robert began to consider himself a hero of romance he carried King off his feet by his energy and eloquence, and excited him to dare the risks of the adventure. King was not really the master mind. Robert was his intellectual superior. There remained only a shred of King's original joke in the contribution of "D. S. Windell". It is possible that Robert, being a foreigner, did not appreciate the play on the letters and word or there would have been no such joke for the delight of the evening papers.

It may be objected that the way we have "reconstructed" the crime was not the way in which it was presented in court. There King was put forward as the master criminal, deliberately perverting the mind of Robert and entrapping him through designing villainy into being his subordinate accomplice. But the procedure of the courts is very mechanical, and its methods do not allow much for investigation into unusual psychological histories. It was sufficient for the court that King was the one who was a servant of the bank, and had access to the necessary documents, for him to be treated as the principal offender, and to be punished more severely than Robert. One of the detectives said King was a man of iron nerves. But if possession of nerve is to be taken as a test, in what respect did he show himself superior to Robert, who, when he found his visits to the branches were being suspected by the cabman, ordered him to drive to the head offices of the bank which he had just robbed of over two thousand pounds? Nor did Robert make any weak attempt to throw blame on King for having corrupted and persuaded him into crime. It is quite possible that Robert's quick imagination played on the position of King in the bank, and set King to explain how by a particular method a fraud could be committed. This inquisitive, restless, vain spirit of Robert, an impracticable, visionary, foolish fellow as King conceived him to be, may have been the start of what we have called King's practical joke on Robert. The probabilities are all against King being the tempter and Robert the tempted. The danger for Robert was not so great as it was for King. When the criminals were sought for Robert could disappear more easily and with better chances of escape. This is what happened. King's disappearance would be equivalent to confession. He had to stay and bear the whole ordeal of investigation. Robert went on his travels and was found in Spain. The clever confession in which he made himself out to be not so much a criminal as having made a slip through romanticism of character is a masterpiece of plausibility. It was an invention which saved him from penal servitude. King had not, it is true, equally good material out of which to frame a similar defence unless indeed he had adopted the line which we have suggested. That he did not, we hold, proves that he was not capable of it, and that he was quite inferior intellectually to the clever youth who was supposed to be his dupe.

THE CITY.

THE settlement of the coal strike and the simultaneous appearance of the sun had perhaps something to do with the return of cheerfulness to the stock markets towards the end of the week. Liquidation, like all other mortal things, must have an end: and after "the dreary drip" of the last three weeks in the Kaffir Circus, one would think that the last and most incorrigible West-end dabbler must have been driven out. They are difficult to please, these South African magnates. When the lords and ladies with whom the magnates dine and bridge at the other end of the town are not in the market, we hear complaints of public apathy: and when the lords and ladies are in the market, then we are told that they must be "shaken out". As we have pointed out before, the

danger of the South African market lies in the ease with which Tom, Dick and Harry can buy a hundred shares here, and a hundred shares there. Really the brokers are as much to blame as anybody for these slumptlets in Kaffirs: they give credit to the first comer far too easily. Whether there will be a revival in the South African market this side of the holidays, or during, or after the holidays, it is impossible to say. The people who have bought shares during the last fortnight, being "in the kitchen", will probably not hold them too long. We can only indicate a few shares which in our judgment are good and cheap investments at present prices, namely Knights, Simmer and Jack, City Deep, Durban Deep, Nourse, and among the low-priced shares Boksburgs. In the Rhodesian market, Lomagundas and Rhodesian Coppers are our favourites. The improvement in South Africa is shown in the Report of the General Mining and Finance Corporation for 1908: there is a working profit for the year of £148,347, and after paying a dividend of 5 per cent. the balance carried forward amounts to £62,661.

In the foreign railway market a mild sensation was caused by the rise of Mexican Southern Ordinary from 55 to 62; and by the fall of Buenos Ayres and Pacifics to 102½, from which price they, however, quickly recovered to 104. Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western also fell, and these two latter lines have much more reason for falling than Pacifics; for when the Government of Buenos Ayres builds its own line, for which it recently issued a loan, undoubtedly the Southern and the Western will be hard hit. That astonishing little company, the National Minerals Corporation (to which we have often drawn the attention of our readers), has just issued its report and balance-sheet. With an issued capital of £15,000 (in 300,000 shares of 1s.) it has made a profit for the first year of £9781, which is not bad. Against property which it bought for £15,000 in shares the company holds 102,000 shares in the St. Ives Consolidated Mines, valued in the market at £204,000, which is no mean profit: it has in addition £29,869 in cash at the bank, and investments at cost £27,000, besides debtors £7690, making roughly £240,000. Besides its capital of £15,000, however, the company has issued £46,820 of participating bonds, which are repayable in 1918 at a premium of £1 per bond, provision for which amortisation is made every year. But with the bonds, the capital of the National Minerals Corporation is only £61,820, against which it holds £240,000 in shares and cash. The Corporation has sold its "pitchblende rights" to the St. Ives Consolidated Mines for 122,000 shares in that concern, and the St. Ives Consolidated has passed on these rights to the British Radium Corporation, which is going to erect a factory capable of producing 1000 milligrammes of radium and a proportionate quantity of uranium compounds per month. The Minerals Corporation has "various other properties", which are going to be consolidated with several adjoining mines. On the top of all these things, the Minerals Corporation has secured what the directors call "an epoch-making process for the treatment of complex ores". All patents are a gamble, but if this process should do what is claimed for it, it will not only make an epoch, but, what is more important, it will make a market for the shares of the National Minerals Corporation at prices beside which the present price of 11s. will seem ridiculous.

Among the new issues of the week are the Canadian Government £6,500,000 Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock at £98½ per cent., and the Rembia Rubber Estates, Limited, with a capital of £60,000.

INSURANCE: THE NORWICH UNION.

IN times gone by there were quite a number of life offices which worked with fire companies in the same offices, frequently with the same directors and the same branch officials, while yet remaining distinct associations. Several of these have, in one way or another, disappeared, and the only remaining arrangements of the kind are those of the Norwich Union Fire and Life Offices and the Sun Fire and Life. Whether they will maintain

their separate existence to an indefinite future, or will respectively amalgamate, may not be of great moment to the insured. The plan seems to work well, since the connexions of one are available for the other, some economy apparently results from this co-operation, while the chief officials of the life office are left free to devote their whole attention to the life business and those of the fire company to the fire and other forms of insurance undertaken. There is reason to think that even greater benefits to both fire and life offices would result from amalgamation.

The Norwich Union Life Office, although it observed its centenary last year, keeping at the same time the bi-centenary of the Amicable Society, which the Norwich took over, did not rise to any great prominence until the present general manager was appointed something like twenty years ago. Since then its progress has been most remarkable. It has not merely grown to be one of the biggest of British life offices, but it has steadily improved its financial strength, while at the same time increasing its rate of bonus, and, as the necessary consequence of greater financial strength, has even better bonus prospects for the future. The report for 1908 tells of the issue of over 9000 policies, assuring nearly £5,000,000 and carrying a new premium income of £229,000. In spite of the efforts made to secure exceptional results for the centenary year, the new business now reported is still larger. We always regard a large new business as a good feature in a life assurance report, provided it is obtained at a moderate rate of expenditure. It is unfortunately a common practice for companies which aim at very rapid extension to pay a great deal too much for their new business. The Norwich Union, while as energetic as any, is more economical than the majority even of humdrum companies who do little more than maintain the amount of their premium income year by year. The average expenditure of British companies is 80 per cent. of the first year's premium and 8 per cent. of renewals; these ratios do not include as an expense the dividends paid to shareholders of proprietary companies, which are, in effect, an expenditure borne by the participating policyholders. The Norwich works at a cost of only 57 per cent. of new premiums and 5.7 per cent. of renewals.

Another good feature of the Norwich Union Life Office is that it systematically earns a high rate of interest upon its funds. Last year the return was £4 4s. 6d. per cent. after deducting income tax, which shows a very large margin for surplus or profit when compared with the £2 10s. per cent. employed in the valuation. The finance of the society is more enterprising than that of some life offices, with the result that while earning a high rate of interest it has managed to escape that depreciation in the value of securities which has been experienced by many companies who have managed their investments on more old-fashioned and conventional lines. The record of the society constitutes a strong argument against regulations by the State as to the securities in which life offices may invest.

The Norwich Union Fire Office also has a good account to render of its operations last year. The fire premium income was £1,101,505, of which 60 per cent. was absorbed in the payment of claims and 35 per cent. for commission and expenses of management. The proportionate amount paid for claims was heavier than usual, but the significant thing about the account is that although the shareholders received a dividend at the rate of 37½ per cent. of the paid-up capital, which absorbed £55,000, more than £50,000 of this amount was derived from interest on funds, and less than one-tenth of the trading profit was applied for dividend purposes, the balance of the profits being used to strengthen the financial resources of the society.

The Norwich Union Fire stands very high in the fire insurance world: it deals liberally with its policyholders and its security is strong in the extreme. An explanation of this is afforded by the systematic way in which the bulk of the profit earned each year is allowed to accumulate, instead of being distributed to the proprietors. It is the adoption of sound methods of this kind which has made British insurance at its best famous throughout the world.

"SCHOOL" AND "THE GROTESQUES".

By MAX BEERBOHM.

IT must be ten years since Tom Robertson's plays were last revived in London. "School" is now being played at the Coronet Theatre, and is to be followed by "Ours" and "Caste". Ten years ago it filled me with scorn, which I expressed with all possible vehemence in this REVIEW. In those days one was still fighting. Mr. Clement Scott was alive, decrying as a sign of decadence whatever in drama was non-Robertsonian; and there were many other critics hardly less hostile than he to the new movement which a few of us were trying to speed forward. The majority of popular playwrights were still working in the Robertsonian vein: their plays were simply Robertson up-to-date; and, so long as they were there to impede progress, one could not be fair to Robertson: he was the enemy. Well, there is no fighting nowadays. One by one, the old critics have disappeared, and their successors are, one and all, friends of—I was going to say the new movement; but the movement is no longer new: the battle is won, the formula established; realism sits crowned. Presently there will be a revolt, of course. The best among the youngest brains will find that realism, as a method of presenting life in drama, has been exhausted. New banners will appear, with some strange device on them. And we elders will fume and fret and fight, shoulder to shoulder, against these silly striplings who were in swaddling-clothes when we were founding the national drama on a rock which never, never will be shaken! And that rock will crumble, and our grey hairs be brought down in sorrow to the grave, and our posts be filled by persons whose ideas Time has not ossified. Our old age will be as stormy as our youth was. We shall be as fierce in defence as erst we were in attack. For the present we sit successful, unchallenged; amenable, a trifle smug. We can enjoy such plays as "School". We can give Tom Robertson due credit for the much that there was of charm and talent in him.

Not even in our hot youth did we ever deny his instinct for dramatic form, and for all that appertains to the theatre. The theatre was his very home, and he never looked out of the window; but he was, unlike the playwrights who preceded him, a student: he had actually read the works of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. To the former he owed his notions of the upper class; to the latter his notions of the middle and lower classes. Not one of his characters has the strength that belongs to a faithful copy from life, or to a fantasy founded on fact: all his characters are founded on fiction—the fiction of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray respectively. But they have a charm of their own. Robertson had, besides a keen sense of humour, a pretty fancy. His touch was a trifle common, but it was tender. His presentment of the young ladies in Dr. Sutcliffe's academy is idyllic in its way. It is in no relation to actual fact, but it is a skilful realisation of a charming man's ideal. I do not wonder that it still enchants the public. And the enchantment would be greater if the play had been produced with the costumes proper to the period. It is disturbing to see these figments of the 'sixties tricked out in the fashion of 1909. David Garrick playing Hamlet in a periwig was all very well; for archæology was not expected in the theatre; and its absence did not hurt illusion. Nowadays, Hamlet in a top hat would be very deleterious; but no more so than is Robertson's Beau Farintosh as presented in the clothes of a dandy of to-day. This Beau, of course, was already somewhat out of date when the play was written: Robertson had faked him up from Major Pendennis. He might, however, pass muster in peg-top trousers. As it is, the anomaly is too grotesque. "His language is like Tom Moore's", says Jack Poyntz, when the Beau has been complimenting the young ladies. Such a remark as this would have a sentimental interest for us, helping us into the heart of the period, if Poyntz and the rest were properly attired. Otherwise, it merely makes us jump. And the matter is even worse when Poyntz tries to match his costume

by speaking of the time when he was in Ladysmith—he, the Crimean “heavy swell”! The most ludicrous moment of all is when Lord Beaufoy, having in a long soliloquy declared Bella to be “as fresh as nature, and as artless as moss” and “very different from the young persons that one sees in Paris, and the great tame tiger-lilies that one meets in town”, proceeds to cry out “Oh simplicity, sweet simplicity, how you are neglected in this twentieth century”. Of course this change of date is the logical accompaniment to the change of costumes. The absurdity of it is the measure of the costumes’ absurdity. I suppose Mr. Robert Arthur does not think it worth while to go to the expense and trouble of procuring appropriate costumes for three plays that are timed to run only a month or so in all, if the public will come and fill his theatre without such inducement. From his own point of view, he is wise. But the shade of poor Tom Robertson will not be appeased, nor I. Nor, I think, will the players at the Coronet. It is impossible for them, in modern clothes, to comport themselves in a manner befitting their utterances. They cannot, being outwardly tethered to their own time, retroject themselves into the Robertsonian spirit. They can only make uncomfortable efforts. These they loyally make.

I saw “The Grotesques” one day this week at the Queen’s Hall. Mr. Vere Smith, like Mr. Pélissier, is a composer and writer of songs, as well as a singer of them; and he has gathered around him a small troupe of comedians, male and female, who unite in a very gay and clever little entertainment, somewhat in the manner of “The Follies”. The troupe is a good one all round; but the outstanding figures are Mr. Vere Smith himself, who is a light, genial, and resourceful droll, and Miss Dorothy Doria, an actress to her fingertips, and evident possessor of a keen intelligence and sense of humour. In the second part of the programme, which consists of a burlesque of a village concert, Miss Doria impersonated a very well-brought-up young lady singing a musical-comedy song entitled “I’m a ripping sort of gal”. The singer’s perfect composure and complacency in her well-meant effort to reproduce the right effect, and the completeness of her unconscious failure, were beautifully rendered by Miss Doria, with a sense not less of pathos than of fun. “The Grotesques” are likely to have a vogue. I hope they will not confine themselves to ridicule of comic and sentimental songs and their singers. Let them ridicule things in general.

THE PRINCESS.

SHE was a little German maiden, six years old, who was stopping at an English seaside hotel with her father and mother. As an addition to her pleasure, her escort was of the greatest service to her. As to her material wants, she seemed quite capable of attending to them without superintendence. It happened two or three times that she arrived at the breakfast table first of her family. Saluting by the way those of the guests who were honoured by her acquaintance, she gravely took her seat and held up a small forefinger. Instantly there was an avalanche of waiters. Even the head waiter forgot his high estate, and hurried to take her order, invariably one for porridge. Little Princess Juliana could not have been more enthusiastically waited on.

Nor was it only her compatriots the waiters who succumbed. The guests in the hotel, except, perhaps, some who had English children of their own, showed themselves quite as eager. They, one and all, crabbed old bachelors and invalid old ladies, voted her “a dear”.

How she came by her unquestioned supremacy seemed a puzzle. She was not a particularly pretty child—a nice straight little thing and that was all. Nor did she in any way lay herself out for conquest. She accepted homage when it came, but did not try to attract it. She was never shy, and, therefore, never bold.

Two reasons there seem to have been for her rule.

First, as already foreshadowed, her perfect manners. The little formal curtsy with which she greeted her father and mother, the curtsy that seems so natural and pretty in German children, was of a piece with her whole demeanour. To strangers she curtsied not. They were neither der Herr Papa nor die Frau Mutter. Why should she? But if talked to she answered quite simply and unaffectedly, evidently liking to talk, but able, if unaddressed, to “keep herself to herself”.

That same formal respect to parents we once had in England. Some of us are able to remember the last dying echoes of it. But somewhere about the beginning of the last century all the fools in London got up and said “It is not our duty to make our children respect us, but love us”. The aforesaid collective wisdom decided that it was quite impossible to love a man whom you called “Sir”. What syllogism led it to this conclusion remains a mystery. Perhaps there was no syllogism. Collective wisdom is quite as capable as an individual of rushing to a conclusion. Anyhow they reached it. Ergo, since love is more than courtesy, and the two are incompatible, away with courtesy. And they awayed with it. There must have been something wrong with their logic. To call a man “Sir” does not, in fact, prevent affection for him. One has heard of servants who loved their masters, boys who loved their tutors, and even of a few courtiers who loved their king. Formal courtesy means, perhaps, very little. But it adds to the amenities of life and it costs very little, for it soon becomes instinctive. To one bred to the manner it is no trouble to take off his hat to a funeral, to a parson on his own ground, or to Goody Bounce when he meets her on the road. He caps the Duchess of Omnium, not as duchess but as woman—for nobody caps the Duke. And Goody is a woman too, and thinks a lot of such small attentions, much more than does the Duchess. It must be owned that taking it off is rather bad for a hat. “Kneeling”, said George Herbert (untruly), “ne’er spoilt silk stocking.” Perpetual capping does spoil silk hats. But kind hearts are more than coronets, and politeness better than beavers.

Since England, under the guidance of collective wisdom, adopted as its watchwords the simple words “Push”, “Hustle”, “Get on or get out”, courtesy is not to the fore. Manners, however, like morals, ebb and flow. They may return, and meanwhile we must do without them.

The second reason for our little maid’s empire was the English she talked. It was quite fluent, evidently came as naturally to her as her mother tongue. But it had been taught her by those who had learned it as a foreign speech, and it was simple, real English, the prettiest book-English conceivable. As an instance: She was working a present for mother, a great secret, which she announced one afternoon she meant to finish that day. Asked next morning whether she had done so she said, “No, I did intend it; but the flowers were many and I became weary.” An ordinary English child would have said she “got tired”. If, indeed, she belonged to Father Vaughan’s criminal classes she might have said that she “was fed up with the rotten thing”. But “got tired” is bad enough. We all, in our laziness, say it—but it isn’t English, and is not worthy of adoption into the language.

In “Harper’s Magazine” there is an article by Professor Lounsbury, in which he falls foul of the language which romance writers make their characters speak. He says, quite truly, that one and all, Scott, Thackeray, Reade, Stevenson give to them a piebald jargon which never was talked and never will be—“Wardour Street English”. The poets, too, offend, especially Spenser and Thomson. In fact, no writer ever made his characters talk as real people do. Every lover of Trollope will admit that his men and women are, almost all, deadly natural. Yet we would make a small bet that no sentence of two lines is placed in the mouth of any of them which would not seem unnatural, spoken by a real live archdeacon or Civil Service clerk. Therein lies the art. Conversation, quasi-photographically reproduced, is as uninteresting as the snap-

shots in the "Daily Mirror". While it is moving it sounds all right; fixed on paper it becomes impossible. The novelist's, as the painter's, art lies in so altering it as to make it seem natural.

This sort of corrected English we very seldom hear from anyone—least of all from children. Pedants, old and young, we have in plenty. They pride themselves on speaking grammatically. Very few talk in such a way that their words could be printed without offence. Our little German friend talked so, and the prettiness of the effect cannot be described. Might it not be worth while to attempt to imitate her? The elders must begin and the children would soon follow—if nobody laughed. And why should anyone laugh at an effort to prevent a noble language from being loaded out of existence with uninventive parrot slang, corrupted and bedevilled by sheer laziness? Some Greek and Latin dictionaries contain Indices Vitandorum. When the student of the future studies English as a dead language we fear this index will swell to half his book. The first most pressing need is to preserve England. But an England that talks and writes a bastard American is hardly worth preserving. One hears great outcry that the Germans are outstripping us in the race for many things. Are they, haply, doing so by being able to talk English?

DOCTORS, DEMOCRATS AND DRYDEN.

THE century that had begun with Elizabeth and the splendid despotism of the Tudors ended, placid and uninspiring, with the constitutionalism of the Restoration. Everywhere there was confirmed the triumph of the practical over the sentimental, of the useful over the beautiful, of the democratic in particular over the oligarchical, and literature had not stood apart from the tendencies of the time. Indeed, the prose written under William and Mary seems to become the new limited monarchy as Raleigh and Sir Thomas Urquhart became the days of Elizabeth. When the seventeenth century opened, when Burton and Hobbes and Bacon wrote, prose literature was the servant of an oligarchy. Doctors and dilettanti held it in vile durance, and the nation as yet had made no claim to it. Prose-writing belonged to the learned, and literary English was redolent at every point of far-sought knowledge and ancient idiom. In early times it had been adapted from the native speech to convey and hold the learning of old Rome, and still it bore upon it the marks of its double origin. It had been bruised at Hastings by heavy Norman hands and touched more lovingly by a later French when Romance came over and dwelt with Malory; Lyly's Euphuism had hung it with ornaments stolen out of Spain and Sidney had lent it to his shepherdesses from beyond the Alps; but through all these things the influence of its first master had remained supreme, and, when the great days of the Elizabethans came, the English of the prose-writers was still a learned tongue, steeped in the Latin whence all learning came. Even the simple things with which the Doctors had no part—

"The tendre Cropes and the yonge Sonne
And smale Fowles maken melodie"—

were dragged sometimes into prose and decked out there with ornaments that ill suited them. The birds were constrained to sing "diapasons", and the sun, distinguished with the name of "Titan", had to "pierce the crepuscle line matutine" when he rose. Indeed, the faults of the Latin manner were not few, though Milton was to prove it capable of splendid things; the syntactic sentences became easily too intricate, the heavy phrases cumbersome, the big words pompous and obese, and in the hands of such a man as Urquhart (of the "Logopandectision" and other "gnathoclastic" works) the most active argument is often lost in a wilderness of wandering clauses and dazed syllables. But in the narrow brotherhood of the erudite such failings were not of great account, for the practised brain could unravel any intricacy, and the mind nourished on folios found few things too ponderous for it. Not until the writers of English prose looked to a wider audience than the doctors formed did simplicity and clarity seem even greatly to be

desired. And so the mass of English prose remained both intricate and ponderous. Even the giant intellects such as Hobbes, even torrential orators like Donne, were not free from the prevailing vices. The "Anatomie of Melancholie" itself, the only book that ever drew Dr. Johnson from his bed before custom and conscience had made it untenable—though Burton could on occasion be both brief and clear—seems sometimes almost to caricature the failings of the "Latinesque". Breathless sentences labour down the pages bowed beneath a load of classic learning and goaded on at every pause by the importunities of an endless argument; long Latin words abound in native or in English dress, dicta from Cicero, jests from Erasmus; and though a wealth of mellow wisdom and a not always melancholy humour give the whole work a certain affinity with common, human things, yet there are many among the wise soliloquies and exalted jests that an education were needed to make accessible. Milton carried all this, save the humour, to its highest power. Nothing has been found to replace the gentle aloofness of the learned aristocrat, the scholar's consciousness of a scholar's worth, that unites such different men as Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, and there can never again appear that quality of richness and rarity which the princely profusion of Browne's learning gives to that wonderful prose of his, making it strange and beautiful like Eastern jewellery.

Long before these three masters of the old tradition brought it to its highest perfection the spirit of the new had been born. In the sudden youthfulness of Elizabethan England a new curiosity was questioning all things with the wide-eyed wonder of a child, and to the questioners of those days (save only hyperborean lands and red gold stored at the world's edge) nothing under the heavens seemed able in interest to compare with Man. So the thought of the age had turned to Man, and the anatomy of human sentiment formed a fitting subject for the epigrams of that brilliant Court. In the "Essays" of Bacon the Court epigram is made literature. In those brief, brilliant studies of humanity and human things is collected a host of pungent sayings and wise reflections happily expressed, coined or gathered in the course of a long life and grouped about various subjects almost carelessly, and a literature so composed came to the ordinary man with an absolutely new appeal. Here were things treated that were of interest to every man, and treated in a way that every man could understand; here were brilliant sayings, like the best of tavern wit, seven times refined, and observations upon men and things that confirmed, corrected or crystallised those that thinking people had been making vaguely all their lives. The language too in which these things were dressed was clear and brief and pointed, like the essence of spoken wit, and yet most manifestly it was literature. In fact a real extension of the literary franchise had been made, and it was never in history to be repealed. Overbury and Earle and a host of witty moralists followed in the new tradition, and the great name of Montaigne added a reflected dignity to the young democracy of letters. Bacon's condescension had been perhaps not even in part intended, and Overbury, who for a time had kept the Elizabethan spirit alive in the Court of James, was not more consciously a democrat, but Earle came designedly a step further from the high places of the oligarchy, and sometimes the "Microcosmographie" comes quite down to the level of good popular wit. What could be better in its way and what less aristocratic than this of "A Child": "The older he grows he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches"? And there is a startling modernity in the account of the "Mere Young Gentleman of the University" who "of all things endures not to be mistaken for a scholar". On a higher plane Bunyan, the tinker's son and best of English narrators, with Izaak Walton and Cowley among the artists, carried on the work that the first essayist had begun, and last of all to complete the changes of the century came the prefaces and prologues of John Dryden.

The favour of rich patrons as a means of sustenance could now be supplanted by a lucrative popularity, which meant the favour of booksellers and actor-managers, and

to both these sources of income, to the dukes and to the nation, Dryden applied himself assiduously. The nation he found become newly serious. That it should enter at all into the question was indeed new enough, but just when Dryden presented himself before it a change in its attitude had appeared. The great war had shown men at close view the fierce reality of the ultimate things—of love and hate and death—and there had resulted a certain impatience of all that was not deep and genuine, of all affectations and assumed superiorities. The demand was everywhere for sound sense in literature rather than for passion, wit or learning, and that demand Dryden did his best to satisfy. He is the first writer of serious English prose who bent deliberately to the popular level, and the result is a style that is always simple and sometimes elaborately colloquial. Clause is added to clause without any too scrupulous regard for grammar, and though the loss of power is obvious and immense yet there is great gain in agility and suppleness. Sometimes indeed there is a glimpse of real strength, a phrase direct and forceful almost to nobility. Of Ben Jonson's borrowings he finely says: "He has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in others is only victory in him." And his judgment of Collier is very happy: "He is too much given to horseplay in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough." But generally Dryden's prose level is an even one; he is lucid and pleasing, but not often great.

"'Tis with a poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me. I have built a house where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived."

Here is a prose by worlds removed from Bacon. Very nearly it is Montaigne, but with something more of balance and a simplicity more carefully prepared. For Dryden's ease is the ease of art. He is natural because he labours to be so, and his rhythms are so well ordered that they can only be the result of patient anvil work. This he was always willing to give, for though he yields to the need of saying plain things to plain men, he takes some pride in the grace with which he says them, and, except when prostrate before a duke, he is very careful of his self-respect. But he dared not seem to make beauty itself an end, for the practical sense of the "bourgeois" class, his master, would not permit. The solid and worthy middle classes had successfully claimed the deciding word in literature, and indeed it was a time when solidity and worthiness were prevailing virtues. The thin shadow of a splendid monarchy, a people's spirit flameless and spent, and a slumbrous peace born of the knowledge of war, these things did not make the blood move fast in the nation's veins, and if in these years the "bourgeois" stability was first achieved it was at the cost of all the Elizabethan fire and the brilliancy of the Cavaliers. Splendour and spirit were lost beyond recovery; and yet there was still possible greatness of another kind, refinement, delicacy, grace, an inspiration more ordered than the Elizabethan, a gentler wit and a milder wisdom, and something of all this Dryden himself had added with his solid sanity to our tongue. But the greater part lay waiting across the border of the century. In 1700 Dryden died, and in the next year Joseph Addison published his first work in prose.

THE GARDENS OF ALCINOUS.

IF any critical observer of changing modes should be inclined to doubt the permanence of the present taste for gardening, he would find some colour for his unbelief in a certain one-sidedness of the vogue. The prominence of the lady-gardener and the care lavished upon the flower garden—related as cause and effect

though they may be—tend to a disproportionate mixture of the utile and the dulce which (though it may carry every vote in the present constitution of things) is not altogether of good omen for the prospects of the art as a whole. The large and increasing garden literature with a feminine authorship shows, by its excellent photographs or ravishingly pretty colour-prints, how successfully woman can deal with the soil in its lighter and more ornamental uses. If there is sometimes an almost provocative air about a paragraph or a photograph—a sense of "There! what do you think of that for a *Lilium giganteum*, or a *Munstead polyanthus*?"—it would be peculiarly graceless not to approve the admirable specimens of the growers' skill all the more for the occasional touch of Nature in their presentation. Yet when all is said and done, admitted the charm of the rhododendron wood, and the border that changes from scarlet through yellows and mauves to delphinium blue like a shaded ribbon, and Lady So-and-so's pergola photographed in four positions, the feeling will sometimes come that the products of all this tasteful enthusiasm and accomplishment lack a certain actuality and force, a sort of consistency which may after all be the prerogative of the masculine mind exercised to more direct purpose than in wheeling heavy barrows and digging stiff clay under command. One divines possible effects of divorcing the poetry of the parterre from the solid science of the kitchen garden, of the absence of the presiding genius of an older day, the elderly man, taciturn, laborious, weather-beaten, with "a life experience in all branches, indoor and out", as the consecrated phrase has it, whose Cattleyas were but the apex of a skill which, taking unsurpassable peaches and melons on the way, was rooted in the deep foundations of celery and Brussels sprouts. The modern tendency to glorify the flower garden at the expense of the kitchen quarters, to devote oneself to roses and rockeries, and to leave the peas and cabbages to a hireling, or worse, to the greengrocer, should be resisted by all who care for the true character of English horticulture. Market vegetables, on the supply of which the townsman is apt of all things to plume himself, are only endurable by people who have no palate for the nicer degrees of freshness and staleness, or who, for want of opportunity, have never learned the meaning of better things. Anyone of an inquiring turn of mind who has observed fruit pickers at work in the fields, or has seen a train-load of Penzance broccoli on its way to the north wilting in a siding under a broiling sun, or a stack of watercress baskets receive a cloud of dust and dirt on a windy platform, will begin to have his doubts about the efficiency of Covent Garden. No one who has known what asparagus is like when it comes to table within an hour of being cut, or spring cabbages that reach the cook's hands with the dew still on their leaves, will accept shop wares save as one of those helpless make-shifts with which man has to piece out the splendours of his destiny. More and more in the future, it is to be hoped, the man of palate will grasp the necessity of having a kitchen garden of his own. At present too many are content to get their greenstuff in a way which is analogous to sending out to the nearest public-house for one's wine.

There are hopeful signs of progress in the right way. Appreciation of the value of ever so small a patch of ground as a source of wholesome provender—of actual "wealth" in the Ruskin sense—is much more general than it was twenty years ago. We seldom hear now the ignorant nonsense about the amateur's lettuces which cost a guinea apiece. There is constant evidence of the easiness of the apprenticeship required for the pursuit, and of its enduring attraction, in the frequent conversions of even elderly and hitherto quite urban-minded persons to the production of their own green peas and early potatoes. The output of books on vegetable growing, though not comparable with the more ornamental literature of the flower garden, is sufficient to show the existence of a multitude of inquiring amateurs of every degree, from the beginner who is not quite sure of his mustard

and cress to the ambitious soul who dreams of a tomato house and mushroom beds in the potting shed. For every sort of novice there are instructors ready to teach the art which no man ever learned from print unless he had the root of the matter within himself; instructors who have a sound knowledge of their subjects, but are by no means always gifted with the power of expounding it lucidly to the lay mind. Here is one of the most recent guide-books to the kitchen garden,* where the "experts" who—as the title-page rather sweepingly informs us—are responsible for the text give their information in a rather general and indefinite way, stopping short of really intimate and circumstantial direction in details which, though second nature to the skilled hand, are often the crux of the tiro and the cause of most depressing failures. By far the best part of the book is the section on vegetable cookery, whose counsels, if cooks could be prevailed on to carry them out, would marvellously improve our national way of feeding. Such chapters are an excellent appendix to a book on the olivory art; the connexion between the cook's domain and the gardener's ought to be close and friendly. In France, perhaps, there is a better understanding of the natural harmony between the two provinces: with us the relation between them is apt to be a little difficult, if not strained. There is often a conviction on one side that the gardener out of pure perversity keeps back the peas till they are only fit for soup, and on the other an injured sense of rapacious demands for impossibly early asparagus or limitless salading in a drought. A little education in the rudiments of each other's science would work wonders in improving the results of the complementary and inseparable crafts.

But a kitchen garden—one, at least, of the traditional English type—has other uses besides that of growing things for the pot. The vegetable ground, if tended as it ought to be, is a very pleasant place to walk in. If it has not the gay charm of the flower borders, it affords a sober yet cheerful solace for a meditative stroll when work is over. The trimness and order, the wealth of present store, and the signs of careful provision for the future, the sense of man's control of Nature—for once wholly profitable—in the successions and relays of harvest, please the mind while the senses are refreshed by the monotony of green, the deep healthy colour which tells of thriving roots and generous sap, and by the fine mixed aroma of all the plots and lines, smells of bean flower, of strawberries beginning to turn colour, of the herb beds, the lavender bushes, the onion rows. The best type of English vegetable garden is one in a mean somewhere between the great walled ranges of a country seat or show place and the cottage patch—say a compact piece between one and two acres, including the small-fruit quarters and the frame-ground. A door in the middle of an old wall at the end of the flower garden should open into a square like Alcinoüs' home-piece—

"Beds of all various herbs for ever green
In beauteous order"—

a still-busy world, silently springing and maturing at once, where supreme method controls the rampant growth among the straight-drawn drills of seedlings, the broad hedges of peas, the bean trellises, the balanced espaliers. Yet with all the good order there is room here and there for stray graces of a less rigid fashion; an ancient fig tree rambles unchecked, a noble ne'er-do-well, with gnarled bole and smooth lusty rods, against the lichen wall; a hollyhock or a patch of lily-of-the-valley trespasses in a corner; the gourds riot over their hillocks with almost tropical vigour. Everywhere the quantities are above the reckoning of actual needs; there are large margins, a wide-minded liberality going together with the neatest order; signs of age and of other men's plannings harmonise the whole. Here, howsoever the world outside may conspire, is peace, and leisure to think a little, and room for traces of beauty. If ever we come to getting all

our vegetables from market fields and railway trucks, from acres where every foot of space carries its calculated allowance of forced cropping, we shall have lost, in exchange for the drooping asparagus, the just-fermenting strawberry and the well-handled "shelled peas", the truth that really fresh garden stuff is connected, curiously but irrevocably, with the possession of leisure and ease of mind.

THE GREAT BORDEAUX WINES.

(In three articles.)

I.—CHÂTEAU HAUTBRION.

MUCH has been written and said in all languages of the four great Bordeaux wines, Château Hautbrion, Château Margaux, Château Latour, and Château Lafite; but although its name is by no means so well known in England as those of its great rivals in the Médoc, the greatest of all these wines is Château Hautbrion. The excellence of its wines has been undisputed since the fifteenth century, when the vintage is mentioned for the first time. Of late years its price has ruled higher than that of any other claret, and it has been able to hold its own notwithstanding the ravages of phylloxera and the adulteration which at one time was damaging claret in the British market. The proprietors of the château knew well they had a good thing, and they preferred not to sell at all rather than lower its price.

In some ways Château Hautbrion holds an exceptional position. Few Englishmen outside the trade know that it is the most expensive of clarets, and it is not, as all the other high-priced clarets, a product of the Médoc. Bordeaux is but twenty hours from Charing Cross, and Hautbrion is but three miles from Bordeaux. Indeed, the electric tramway from Bordeaux to Pessac passes by the gates of the château, which is itself on the borders of the Graves district, far better known for its white than for its red wines. The grounds lie on the borders of the three Communes of Pessac, Talence, and Mérignac.

The domain is an old one, for a deed of 1360 speaks of the Manor of Hautbrion. In 1509 the estate belonged to Jean de Ségur. In the following century it was the property of Jean Duhalde, who sold it to the President de Pontac. By 1700 it had fallen into the hands of the Fumels, who owned many other vineyards. The Latresnes, Valences, and Talleyrands then succeeded in their turn to the estate. Later on M. Michel bought the vineyard, but sold it in his turn to M. Beyermann in 1824. In fact the property passed through a succession of families in no way connected with one another, until it eventually reached the hands of M. Eugène Larrieu, whose son Monsieur Amédée Larrieu was for so many years Député and Préfet of the Gironde. In July 1896 it became the property of his father's heirs and cousins Madame P. de Laistre and M. Norbert Milleret, who zealously follow the traditions of their illustrious relative and have entrusted the management of the vineyard to M. Albert Sanchon, the present "Maître de Chaix".

The château stands in the midst of a fine well-wooded park in a part of the Gironde which is decidedly prettier than the Médoc. Pessac is, it is true, fast becoming a mere suburb of Bordeaux, and its restaurants attract crowds of customers every Sunday. The road leads us into the Landes, that strange forest of pines broken by a few cultivated fields whose monotony is relieved by red-roofed wooden houses and the occasional shepherd who watches his flocks from the height of his stilts.

The château has been again and again transformed in the course of centuries; but its high pointed roofs and two wings jutting out on either side retain many characteristics of style prevalent in the sixteenth century when it was rebuilt, though there are bits here and there which remain from an earlier date.

The plantations are all made in the same way. The earth is dug up to a depth of from twenty-two to twenty-four inches, the soil which was on the surface being placed at the bottom, and vice versa. The whole is then

* "The English Vegetable Garden." Written by Experts. London: The Offices of "Country Life". 8s. 6d. net.

levelled with the greatest care, but a sufficient incline is left to allow all the rain to run off. The stocks are then planted and manured with the best mould, whilst earth is heaped round the root of each tree. A month before the vintage, companies of from eighty to a hundred women are occupied in removing any defective grapes. The vintage itself takes place between 20 and 25 September. The vendangeurs, who come from all parts of the Gironde and indeed of the South of France, are divided into gangs, each one of which is under the control of a "commandant de manœuvre", whose duty it is to hasten the task of the cutters, to see that they leave no bunches on the stocks, that they take only ripe and sound fruit, pick up the fallen fruits, and collect nothing else but fruit into their baskets. Care must then be taken that all unsound fruit is rejected, and with that object the grapes are carefully examined before pressing.

What gives Château Hautbrion and the three great "crus" of the Médoc that wonderful bouquet and aroma which distinguish them from all other kinds of claret? In the first place they do not allow the grapes to be crushed by that rough-and-ready machinery which, if it possesses the merit of carrying out the work rapidly, does not distinguish green from ripe grapes, and crushes the stones, whose empyreumatical oil gives a harsh taste to the wine. In all these cases the more flexible human foot is used, for whilst the weight of the body does the work efficiently, it neither crushes the green grapes nor the stones. Then again, at all these great "crus" the yeast is cultivated. At the latter end of June a grey down forms itself upon the grape during vegetation. The best grapes are collected and allowed to ferment in a small vat, whose contents are poured into a larger one which contains half a tun. Generation is so rapid that two cells of yeast mixed with the must of the grape produce eight cells in two hours. As each one of these new cells is equally active, some sixteen million cells are generated in the course of twenty-four hours. The yeast also accelerates fermentation, which, however, at Hautbrion lasts from five to six days. The wine thus made is not affected by mildew or exposure to bad weather, is far healthier, its quality is more equable, whilst its body and bouquet are substantially improved. It is a great pity that this process, which more than repays the trouble, is not adopted more generally. Even where the grapes were inferior this practice would certainly improve the quality of the wine.

The wine is drawn off when there is no more sugar in the must. The vats are then mixed and the barrels filled and immediately placed upon their stands. The first racking takes place in December or January, and is followed by further rackings at each equinox, or even sooner should this be found essential.

At least ten years must pass before one can say certainly what will be the quality of a vintage. They are all different, for a wine which may be good in one "cru" may be inferior in another. Temperature is a most important factor, and has a great deal to do with the quality. Thus where the vintage weather has been warm with little or no rain the wine is sure to be better than where it has rained incessantly. In the latter case the wines will be flat and not have much body.

CONSOLATION.

(Catullus xevi.)

FRIEND, if the mute and shrouded dead
Are touched at all by tears,
By love long fled and friendship sped
And the unreturning years:
O then, to her that early died,
Know surely, bridegroom, to thy bride
Thy love is sweet and sweeteneth
The very bitterness of death.

H. W. GARROD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it quite true that modern literary criticism, the modern literary taste of the buying public and the absorption of publishers in money-getting are in such a parlous state as some of your correspondents suggest?

We must not kick against the pricks: we must consider the merits or demerits of any man or any class in relation to the existing state of society. And, as things are, no publisher could remain a publisher unless he carried on his business at a profit; he must offer wares to the public which will sell. But the true question as to publishers is this, Have works of genius or even of exceptional merit as good a chance of being published now as in past days? I submit the chance is as good now as it ever was, and I know personally that publishers may now, at their own risk, introduce literature to the public because, though they think it will not pay, they think the few should have a chance of reading it.

Again, is it true that the taste of readers is illiterate, crude, and depraved? Bear in mind that now there are perhaps one thousand readers for every single one in past days. I think there are many more readers of sound literature in the present day than formerly, while, though many of the mass want—and get—illiterate excitement and immoral titillation, there are many others who want—and get—what is the best. Ask any assistant at any bookstall what sells. He will tell you the sixpenny editions of classic writers in literature—even in art and science—sell by hundreds of thousands. If it be admitted that the middle and upper middle classes read trash, there are still innumerable individuals of the educated working classes who choose the better part.

Society is thick with writers, the profession is overcrowded, and most write in competition for money or social position. They must take their chance of success or failure with tradesmen and politicians. And so Brown, who has failed, must not be hurt or surprised if his inferiors Jones and Robinson, who have succeeded, have beaten him by better use of the tricks of the trade. The man, however, who writes from sheer love of art or under the stress of genius stands on a different footing. He—a human being—may be moved by desire of public appreciation, but the less he is so moved the more freely and truly will he manifest his power in output of work. What is the reward of such a man? Delight in his labour; consciousness of justifying himself.

We often forget that barely one of us ever recognises genius when first manifested; as a body we confine appreciation to genius which is successful. Many of genius—probably the most—fall by the way, unknown. A Meredith in romance, a Turner in painting, a Carlyle in philosophy, or a Keats or even a Tennyson in poetry must have the pluck, in love of his art, to work through a slough of despond in public contempt or boycott before he can hope for full recognition of his genius. He alone is assured of the palm of victory in his own days who is just a little superior to us; the giants are fearsome to us till they have grown smaller in the distance of time.

And literary criticism?

Now literary critics are men, not demigods. Wherein do they fail? I say that if they fail it is in giving too much praise, not too little. I think it is ridiculous to suggest that men of genius should be viewed as the infants of critics, to be cradled and fed with the sop of enervating adulation. The man of genius must live on his own work and take the chance of sop from public recognition. Even with such men the law of the survival of the fittest applies; their output is purified by conflict with public contempt or boycott; coddle them with appreciation from the first and they become mere playthings of society.

As sane men and women let us try to get rid of humbug. I have failed; you, the reader, have failed to get public recognition. It is our own fault or misfor-

tune, not that of the public taste, critics, or publishers. But still the delight of production remains our own and unaffected; that supreme success we have not failed to attain. And men of genius? They have their reward—a reward which has nothing to do with publishers or the reading public—the reward of personal satisfaction in the delight of work and self-manifestation. Only one critic do they bow to—the one immaculate critic, Time.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

HOW TO KEEP OUR PICTURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 June 1909.

SIR,—A short time ago (I am purposely a little vague) an official connected with one of our public galleries informed me that his gallery had just arranged to hang a certain number of old masters belonging to a noble owner. He added that the mere fact of thus bringing them to the public notice would add something like £10,000 to their value. Surely it should not be beyond the wit of man to devise an equitable scheme whereby a goodly share of this unearned increment should revert to the gallery should the pictures in question be subsequently sold. It might indeed be possible further to arrange that in event of such a sale being contemplated the gallery should have the right of pre-emption. Had some such scheme been in existence before the notorious Holbein came on the market, the public would not have had to pay so dearly through the nose for it, but the National Gallery authorities would have been able, in return for the cachet of authenticity and distinction that exhibition in the gallery had conferred, to buy the picture at a cost of, say, 25 per cent. below what the first purchaser in the field had offered.

Yours faithfully,
CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

A TAX ON PARIS GOWNS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Perros-Guirec, C. du N., France.

SIR,—The taxation of imported luxuries is certainly excellent in principle. I should suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and to the Prime Minister a very heavy duty on dresses imported from Paris. The tax would not be unpopular, as there are so many people who value dresses more the more they pay for them (I speak of ladies, and not of their husbands or fathers). The dresses might all be sent to Downing Street to be estimated.

The gentler sex would then be enabled to contribute more than they do to the cost of those engines of murder which are daily becoming more indispensable for civilised nations.

Your obedient servant,
W. B. PATON.

A SNAKE-COLLECTOR'S ESCAPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Edward H. Cooper's article on South America, and his reference to its poisonous snakes, reminds me of an interesting adventure of a friend of mine in Northern Brazil.

My friend was making a collection of the poisonous snakes of the neighbourhood; and, as everyone round us was aware of the fact, many gifts of the kind were offered to him. One evening he was writing at a table in our hut when a local person brought him a small living specimen of one of the most deadly poisonous snakes of the neighbourhood. My friend, who was very busy, asked him to put it in a glass jar on the table, which was accordingly done.

Unfortunately the hot night and other soporific influences proved too much for my friend's waking powers. He went to sleep, with his head on the table, and slept peacefully till awakened by a fearful crash. He had

knocked the table over, with the lamp on it; the lamp had naturally been put out; and, as his senses slowly returned, the awakened sleeper remembered that the glass jar also had fallen on to the floor, and the snake must now be loose.

Obviously the best thing to do was to jump on the bed and shout for help and light. But the hut was empty, and no help came. One could not spend the night standing on a bed roaring for help, so, as there was only a space of about eight feet between him and the door, the snake-collector jumped down from the bed, resolved to make a rush for it. He had taken his boots off at an early part of the evening; and, as he jumped, he felt a sharp vicious nip in the heel of his right foot.

My friend was a person with plenty of cool presence of mind. A servant entered the hut at the moment; he summoned him, told him curtly that he had not five minutes to live, and proceeded to dictate a will and various directions to his travelling companion and one or two other persons. But death tarried an unaccountably long time, and presently the reason of this became apparent. The snake was curled up in a far corner of the room, swaying and hissing angrily; and my friend had jumped off the bed on to a piece of the broken glass with which the floor of his room was liberally strewn.

I am, Sir, etc.,
TRAVELLER.

GREEN'S "SHORT HISTORY".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Buckhurst Hill, 30 June 1909.

SIR,—The Rev. Douglas Macleane's letter, following up your note on the subject of the previous week, induces wonder how Green's "Short History" ever secured such a hold not only on the public but on those responsible for the education of our boys and girls. Mr. Macleane makes a sufficiently serious indictment from the point of view of Churchmen. I am not at all sure that Green's History would stand the test of critical examination any better on the Imperial side. Recently in looking up all that I could find as to the life of General James Wolfe, I turned over the pages of ordinary histories, Green's among them, on the chance that some point of importance might have escaped me. Green devotes one page to the conquest of Quebec, and I freely confess that if you read that page in ignorance of the facts you will feel that in the course of fifty lines or so he presents you with a picture which it seems could hardly be made more clear in fifty pages.

But let us examine it carefully. He says "Wolfe fought at Fontenoy". Wolfe was never at Fontenoy. He says "For six weeks Wolfe saw his men wasting away in inactivity, while he himself lay prostrate with sickness and despair". That implies that Wolfe was prostrate during six weeks, whereas he was not prostrate for six days, and ignores the unsuccessful effort Wolfe made to get at Montcalm less than five weeks after he reached the Quebec basin and some six weeks before the battle was fought on the Heights of Abraham. Of course, Green tells the story of Wolfe's reciting Gray's "Elegy" as he floated down the S. Lawrence, without any suggestion that it was highly improbable he ever did anything so insane at such a time. Green says "Wolfe was the first to leap on shore and to scale the narrow path where no two men could go abreast". Wolfe was not the first to scale the path, for the reason that the path was blocked by abatis and the heights had been secured before Wolfe pulled himself up the cliff. Wolfe was not thirty-three, as Green says, when Pitt selected him for the Quebec command, but some weeks short of thirty-two, and his army was not drawn up on the battle-ground "at daybreak on the 12th of September", but the 13th.

These may be small points, but they at least serve to show that if facts are the raw material of history, Green's work is not history.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD SALMON.

REVIEWS.

A FLAMBOYANT NEW-YORKER.

"Egoists." A Book of Supermen. By James Huneker.
London: Laurie. 1909. 6s. net.

MR. JAMES HUNEKER is a literary ostrich for discrimination and a ravening wolf for appetite. Ostriches and wolves do not publish lists of the victims and objects they have swallowed; Mr. Huneker does, and amazing reading they are. This, his latest volume—called "Egoists" on the title-page and "The Egoists" on Mr. Werner Laurie's pretty cover—contains many formidable strings of names, and the owner of each would stare to find himself in such strange company. Blake and Walter Pater are thrown together as "mystics", Stendhal, Flaubert and Huysmans as mere "egoists"; Ibsen stands in solitary grandeur; and Max Stirner is described as the very fount of all the great, good and new in the philosophy and art of the nineteenth century, though Mr. Huneker declares that few people have heard of him. Such a jumble of authors, books and notions has rarely been hurled at a reviewer's head. We cannot say, we can only guess, what Mr. Huneker would be at. Like an ostrich in catholicity of taste, Mr. Huneker's power of digestion is hardly that of an ostrich. He gorges himself with good and bad literature, but assimilates nothing, reduces nothing to order. In one respect he certainly resembles the broad-minded bird of the desert that hides its head in the sand and reposes in blissful unconsciousness of what is going on around it. Mr. Huneker shoved his head into the dreary sands of Romanticism long ago and there he remains, oblivious of the great world-changes that have taken place. The heroes of his boyhood are his heroes still. This fidelity is touching, but does not always make for good literary criticism.

Though he may occasionally lift up his head to deal with living authors, he cannot rub the sands of Romanticism out of his eyes; he views everything through Romantic spectacles in the perpetual glow of a Romantic sunset. His own language is ultra-Romantic—flamboyant only weakly describes it. Extremely fond of fine words for their own sake, as deeply stirred by them as the old woman was by "Mesopotamia", he incessantly talks of "jewelled prose" and seems to have ransacked the dictionary in search of jewels for his own prose. Also, the choicest diction of Wall Street—for Mr. Huneker is a New Yorker—delights his soul. The talent for talking a very great deal and saying singularly little, and for warping words away from their true or best sense, is peculiarly American; and Mr. Huneker stands in the first rank. Only grim and resolute analysis of this collection of essays reveals the purpose—or rather, purposes—with which it is written. After making an effort we think the fact is that all the prolixity and wealth of confusion are due to an attempt, so to speak, to assume several different attitudes in one and the same moment.

First of all, a title had to be found: no good American can hope ever to go to Paris if he calls his essays simply essays. Mr. Huneker sought a common denominator for his varied demigods; and when we turn to his last chapter we see where he unearthed it. Max Stirner was born in Bayreuth in 1806 and died fifty years later, a broken man, in Berlin. He made the astonishing discovery that in each of us the Ego is the all-important factor, because we—whoever "we" may be—can only know of the existence of the universe through the Ego. This, it will be conceded, was a charming metaphysical novelty to bring forth to the light of the nineteenth century; and many a philosopher would have retired on it, as having achieved what he came into the world to do. Not so Stirner. The times were fast growing ripe for Board-schools, and this thinker, with an inexorable logic prescient of the coming dispensation of sham-learning, proceeded thus: Since all I know and am sure of is in my Ego, my Ego is the All. I need not take account of anything but my Ego, am answerable only to my

Ego for my deeds; everything is illusion save my Ego; other people's Egos are nothing to me, lions and tigers are nothing to me. Satisfied with this irrefragable reasoning, Stirner wrote the book which (according to Mr. Huneker) has exerted such influence, though no one read it till the other day; then he went out to try conclusions with other people, other Egos—which of course were not real. However, the other Egos illogically insisted on acting as though they were real. Twice they put Stirner in gaol, Ego and all, and they left him to die miserably; and only at the last, when his Ego seemed well out of the way, some friends of former days came to save the Ego's empty tenement from a parish burial.

Here, then, Mr. Huneker found his common denominator—Egoism; and it may be granted that a reliance on one's Ego, personality, individuality, rather than on authority, marks the literature and art of the nineteenth century. But it must also be said that only the small, barren, undistinguished Egos, personalities, show jealousy for their independence; the great men carelessly let their Egos draw nourishment "from art, from nature and the schools"—wherever there is food to enrich and strengthen them we find them eagerly absorbing it, dreadless of being absorbed. It was not the mighty Wagner or Beethoven who fretfully consoled himself, "God has my individuality in His keeping": it was the little Bülow: Wagner and Beethoven never gave the matter a thought. However, Mr. Huneker traces Egoism through all his authors, from Flaubert, bent only on perfect art, to noisy, prattling Maurice Barrès, bent only on advertising his soul. Next to Stirner Mr. Huneker admires Nietzsche, whom he nevertheless calls "the expiring voice of the old-fashioned romanticism in philosophy". And we too bow before Nietzsche with his bad science, his lying historical facts, his imbecile conceit; and we say, Hail Prophet of the one-tenth educated, of the Higher-grade schools and the Polytechnics! Nietzsche, by the way, claimed to be an intellectual Aristocrat: the daughters of retired buttermen sometimes call themselves aristocrats. One token of an aristocrat is his silence about his aristocracy: Nietzsche was a parvenu, without the money, the "coinage of the brain", to pay his way into the society of the elect.

Egoism provides Mr. Huneker with attitude number one; number two is Romanticism. The Romantics are the paladins of Mr. Huneker's boyhood, with their drug-taking, carefully disordered hair, blue-black beards, melancholy yet fiery eyes, secret gnawing sorrows, sallow complexions and defiance of the Almighty, Whom nevertheless they fear. "Evil be thou my good", they cried, with heroic voice and gesture; and then slid swiftly into a church to pray (see the paper on Baudelaire). They all wrote "jewelled prose", not to mention endless guide-book accounts of pictures, statuary, cathedrals, and scenery; and one would be astonished to find a critic who has read Georg Brandes (and dedicates his book to him) gushing over such tiresome stuff were not that critic Mr. Huneker. Tender memories of boyhood's hours are all-potent with him, and he apotheosises the small and less small Romantics alike—if we may so classify a group that had no great ones. The surging sea of indiscriminate praise makes one yawn. Understand some of the Romantics better—this we are willing to do: worship the best of them, no; and when we are asked to adore their latter-day descendants, chiefly young Paris journalists "on the make", we suspect that Mr. Huneker is pulling the reader's leg.

Egoism in a man's literature or journalism sets it high in Mr. Huneker's view; so does Romanticism; but more than by his love of egoism, more than by his boyish delight in Romanticism, Mr. Huneker is induced to take an attitude to literature which is frightfully complicated—indeed grotesque—by the modern journalist's passion to be the first to "discover" or rediscover a genius. Under the sway of this master-passion—praiseworthy of course in a commercial journalist: not so praiseworthy in a would-be serious man of letters—Mr. Huneker's sense of proportion

finally disappears. Lest some other adventurer should be there before him, he dashes on Barrés, Huysmans, and Anatole France, and drags them into his book as his prey. In his haste he honours them all alike; they would all seem to write nothing but that eternal, and very wearisome, "jewelled prose". In fact Mr. Huneker's familiar set of epithets is becoming as fatiguing as the prose and verse he descants on. Will he not give us something serious? Can he not, instead of dashing through important provinces of French, English, German, and Scandinavian literature, reeling off scores of names of big and little men, trying to sum up whole schools in an epigram—can he not, instead of thus bewildering us, devote a little patient study to one or two subjects which we believe he really knows, and give us a few real estimates, from a modern point of view, of men worth estimating? This book is a jungle, but not a jungle with a tropical profusion of green growths. Rather the profusion is that of a marine-store where rarities may be seen heaped with things that men have apparently forever done with and—in the appropriate American phrase—"have no use for". Mr. Huneker, as has been said, sees the heap transfigured in the glow of a Romantic sunset, but the magic tints are visible to him alone.

LESSONS FROM ADVERSITY.

"The Russian Army and the Japanese War." By General Kouropatkin. London: Murray. 1909. 2 vols. 28s. net.

"The Russo-Japanese War: a Sketch." First Period—The Concentration. By Captain F. R. Sedgwick. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1909. 5s. net.

MANY, perhaps, will seize upon this book with a view of enjoying the personal recriminations and the tittle-tattle about strained relations between Russian commanders such as the gossips delight in. They will find something of the kind, revelations of methods of business and conduct of affairs such as we may be said to be unaccustomed to in this country, even when recognition of our hideous blunders in connexion with the war in South Africa is duly made. But many more will be attracted less by the food for gossip and scandal than the information as to Russian ideas of political strategy which the pages supply. The veil that is raised by Kouropatkin the statesman will in other words reveal more of interest that what is found behind that which shrouded Kouropatkin the General. With the General during the course of the war we more than once expressed our sincere sympathy. We shall have something more to say on that side of his activity presently, but meanwhile we wish to draw attention to the system of administration of the Russian Government, of which we are given a glimpse, and to those preparations for hostilities which that portion of statesmanship known as peace strategy deals with.

Not everyone on whose lips the name of Kouropatkin was often a few years ago realised that immediately before he commanded in Manchuria he had been the Russian War Minister for some six years. Thus it was he to whom it would have fallen, had he been uninterfered with, to organise and train the forces of the Tsar for the wars which were before them, and that any failure under these headings may therefore with some show of justice be laid at his door.

Kouropatkin's views on Russian policy are of the highest interest, and he is clearly justified in the endeavour to vindicate them now. They will be read with more attention than the pages which deal with the tactical errors that may be culled from the narrative of fighting subsequently supplied. War, we learn—not for the first time—must in these days be carried on by a whole nation. When a Russian general thinks it necessary to reiterate the lesson of 1870 it is time for us surely to wake up to its significance? The size and cost of an efficient modern army have light thrown upon them too, and we are given a most valuable sketch

of Russian history and development. The discussion of the frontiers of Russia will also be of assistance to those who study the strategical geography of the Continent, and the problems that have to be faced by the general staffs of the great European Powers. The ex-Minister of War goes on to give us his views on German policy, some most instructive remarks on the Austrian situation and questions connected with it, and proceeds in due course to discuss Persia, India, and the Far East. To read what is said as to the real needs of Russia will be illuminating to many, and they will be surprised at the moderation and good sense displayed by a Russian chiefly known in his fighting capacity. Most interesting of all is the account of Russian designs on India. Here we find an officer formerly Chief of the Staff to Skobelev, who might reasonably be supposed to be a "thruster" of pronounced type, roaring as gently as any sucking dove, and explaining to his countrymen the doctrine of give and take and the blessings of a policy of peace and goodwill to us. In short, these pages proclaim Kouropatkin as a broad-minded and far-seeing statesman, who holds most sagacious opinions as to the future prosperity of his country, and who did his best to prevent her from rushing into war with Japan. It was the Finance Minister, against whose powers the writer of these pages again and again protests, who stood between efficiency and the military advisers of the Tsar. If war were to come, Kouropatkin saw that certain steps must be taken and certain preparations made. Russia must be ready to endure a prolonged strain, and must sharpen her sword before she threw it into the scales. The Russian War Minister had, however, to fight the Finance Minister before he fought the Japanese, as many a British general has had to struggle with the Treasury before he meets his opponents. Then the real causes of the war are revealed, the party currents and intrigues, the selfish interests, greed and ambition that wrecked Russia in the face of unheeded warnings. Thus far Kouropatkin's book cannot be termed an apologia; it is more a page or two of the secret history of our times given broadcast to the world. In the interests of his country, says our author—we need not analyse motives—it should benefit other countries if his own decline to listen to it.

But subsequently the story sags down in places to a recrimination of his colleagues in the field and to criticisms of the personal conduct of his officers and men, which are no doubt justified, but are none the less regrettable. The causes of the Russian defeat are writ so large already that it is unnecessary for a Russian general to dwell upon them in public. Kouropatkin had done so much in an all but impossible task, displayed so much magnanimity of soul in serving on in a subordinate position where he had been supreme, that everyone with knowledge of military history has recognised some of the highest qualities of a leader in him. It would have been more worthy of the man who was almost the last corps commander to leave Manchuria if he had kept silence as to the deficiencies of those he led. He and certain heroes nearer home might with advantage have imitated Wellington, who took care to avoid washing dirty linen in public. Moreover, what he has to say in this respect is already discounted. Russia rushed into war inadequately prepared against the advice of her experts owing to the malign influence of a certain set of politicians of whom Alexieff was the head. Kouropatkin was in supreme command for only four and a half months, and even when he had no official superior in Manchuria was controlled by wires from S. Petersburg. How much the strategy of the war was his or that of the wire-pullers we do not yet know, and perhaps shall never do so; but it is at least certain that a general with so short a lease of power, only entered upon after the great strategical plans had been set on foot, cannot be severely blamed if things went wrong. And when one examines the tactical deficiencies of the Russian one meets a state of things which nothing short of the highest military genius working absolutely uncontrolled could have balanced. The Russian officers were in many cases

ignorant, self-indulgent, and without a sense of duty to those they commanded or to their country. That was the outcome of a vicious state of society, of lack of moral responsibility. No one man could supply the officers of an army, selected as they had been, with new ideals and aspirations in a few months or a few years. The Russian soldier was physically magnificent, brave and patient in the highest degree. But he went in many cases to the war without knowing how to handle the weapon with which he was armed. He had not been taught to shoot, he had been brought up indeed to use his rifle with a heavy bayonet always fixed upon it after a fashion which rendered accuracy of aim impossible. The system thus indicated exhibited in certain cases results even more deplorable. Men were sent to fight with units of arms other than those with which they had been trained and for which they had enlisted. Thus a gunner might find himself with a battalion and an infantry soldier with a battery. An army of which such things can be said was pitted against the most perfect military machine in the world, against an army which had not only been trained for war in general but for the particular war we are discussing. It needs no secret revelations to tell to which side victory fell and the reason why. We are sorry Kourapatkin condescended to take up the subject, though we do not regret that he has drawn attention to deficiencies in connexion with preparation for war and peace strategy which are in the highest degree instructive. The Japanese were victorious not so much because they were better trained as because their organisation for war and their foresight during peace time rendered them fit to take the field in full strength at once. This book is valuable, in fact, because a great deal of it constitutes an excellent treatise on the art of war, on the value of good communications, of the necessity for politics and strategy being in harmony with one another, on the need for resolution and foresight on the part of the governing powers of a country as well as for efficiency in tactical respects on the part of the troops. It shows how even a man of Kourapatkin's knowledge and experience could do nothing in the face of Russian systems, and it goes a long way to prove his main contention that Russia, had his counsels been followed, need never have owned herself beaten at all.

Captain Sedgwick in a modest preface asks the indulgence of his readers because he is only a beginner. He has written quite a clear and intelligible sketch, and deserves credit for the diligence and care he has displayed. He has been almost over-scrupulous in acknowledging assistance, because occasionally it has been of so slight a nature that he might have done equally well without it, and he is too fond of quoting other writers verbatim in place of assimilating their ideas and putting forth his own after the process in his own way. Such faults are, however, those of a beginner, and no doubt Captain Sedgwick will get over them. It must nevertheless remain a question whether a beginner is best employed in writing a work which is intended for the serious study of officers, and whether it is fair that he should educate himself at the expense of his readers. There is an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of men filling themselves with ideas and knowledge before they venture to instruct others, and it is certainly more helpful to students when they are given criticism and opinions the outcome of matured experience or wide study. Possibly there is so pressing a demand for a book such as this that it was desirable to bring it out at once and there was no time for much search or choice as regards authors. Perhaps no abler pen could be found, but the fact remains that we are here given but bald comments when with due economy of space there was room for close though brief discussion. The book is in fact clearly got up for purposes of examination. It is a primer to enable unhappy and ill-prepared candidates to meet the papers set them; in other words, it is intended for cramming purposes, and is a hasty compilation to meet the demands of the moment. The Russo-Japanese War has so lately come to an end that, as our author

tells us, the data for writing a detailed account are not yet available. Would it not then have been better to wait until they were available before writing?—for certainly some of the questions discussed and disposed of very briefly here will in all probability be viewed a few years hence in quite a different light. The comments with reference to the battle of the Yalu on page 57, for example, state that the strategical situation required that the Japanese advance should be stayed. The reasons why the Russians offered battle were by no means based on sound strategy, however, and it is even now practically certain that political wire-pulling had far more to do with their action than generalship. Neither is our author happy in his illustration from military history, as when he quotes the action of Ziethen on the Sambre as similar to that of the Russians on the Yalu. Again, in a sketch such as this dealing mainly with a strategical concentration it seems hardly worth while to criticise such tactical details as the posting of the Russian howitzers at the Yalu, or to mention such minutiae as that the air-line telephones in the Russian position were destroyed early in the action. The half-page or so devoted to a few bald tactical comments had been better utilised in amplification of the discussion of more important points. On page 127 we find the authority of Sir Ian Hamilton invoked to make comments such as that the Russian officers exposed themselves too much, that the Russians fired section volleys, that the men were at close interval without reference to cover. Our author seems to have forgotten his preface and his statement that it was yet too early to write a detailed account of the great war. Why fill up a little sketch with such petty trivialities as these, and skimp the discussion of the bigger questions about which already there is no doubt? A sense of proportion is, in fact, lacking throughout these pages. After touching on minor tactical points very briefly, really large strategical, political, and financial questions are taken up, but these are sketched in so crudely that we doubt any student gaining any benefit from them except as an aide-memoire. Some excellent but disjointed extracts are quoted from the utterances of various authors and officers, and then we are led away from the subject into a dissertation on intelligence duties. Finally, after only some half-dozen pages have been devoted to strategy and intelligence, our author turns once more to tactics. Again we are given quotations (with the exception of Sir Ian Hamilton) not from officers who have been in Manchuria, and whose evidence was therefore the best, but from secondary testimony, with but small attempt on the part of the author towards discrimination or comment of his own.

We doubt if any but a victim to a system of examination will read the book, and he will wish he had a better one to guide him.

SAINTE-BEUVE THE MAN.

"Sainte-Beuve." By George McLean Harper. London: Lippincott. 1909. 6s. net.

IN French there already exists a considerable "literature" of Sainte-Beuve. In English there is nothing beyond a few scattered articles and reviews. It was, in fact, only a few months ago that anyone thought it worth while systematically to translate him. It was then that Mr. Trechmann began upon the "Causeries du Lundi"; and we are still waiting to see whether Mr. Trechmann's publisher will find a public anxious to read Sainte-Beuve in English—at a shilling a volume. Criticism in France falls more swiftly, and in this case it has not neglected to fall upon the critic. Brunetière has passed judgment in his inevitable and final manner; M. Michaut has discovered that Sainte-Beuve had a system, and has at least convinced himself; M. Léon Séché has been busy among the documents. It must be confessed that comparatively the English have neglected him. Professor Harper explains this neglect by suggesting that "it has perhaps been taken for granted that to criticise a critic

would be to carry the thing too far". It is interesting to speculate as to what Professor Harper will think about the criticisms upon his book. It is a case of "Juges jugés" twice over.

It is a really great adventure to seek among the critics of Sainte-Beuve either for a true picture of the man or a trustworthy estimate of his achievements. For those who want a portrait of him in black, there is no lack of pitch; and for those who wish to deny him genius there is no lack of authority. Let us frame an indictment upon collected testimony. He was a renegade, seven-and-seventy times forsworn. On the word of a noble lady his private life was "beastly", and his relations with the Hugos formed one of the nastiest series of events in the history of literature. He was utterly lacking in courage, as is proved by the fact that he published opinions in a provincial journal which he would not have dreamed of signing in Paris. He went about sighing because he was not a handsome young dragoon, and seeking a religion that would condone a breach of the seventh commandment. His poetry was trivial, and his ambition to figure as a poet was absurd. His "Port Royal" was the work of a journalist who changed his allegiance while his work was in progress. Many of his portraits were malignant caricatures. He was a good critic, because he had failed at everything else.

What kind of answer can be made to all this? A flat denial seems best, and the hoisting of the accuser upon the horns of a dilemma. He was not a renegade, but a many-sided man who sympathised and understood many of the movements in progress during his generation. He was not a "beast", for his life was one long struggle of the spiritual and sensual element in human nature, a struggle already exemplified in David and St. Anthony. He was not a coward, for he hurried back to his post in 1830, and bearded the Senate in his declining years. Also did he not fight a duel with an umbrella in his left hand, saying that he did not mind being killed, but that he did mind getting wet? Moreover, it is no sin even in a serious man of letters to want to be good-looking; and his search for a religion was a long and earnest endeavour after truth. His poetry was, on the word of Béranger, of a kind absolutely new in France. "Port Royal" was a noble, historical monument, and the splendid effort of a divided mind to find itself. His portraits are true in outline, just a little coloured with a natural feeling that is by no means insidious, and consequently not at all harmful. Finally, he was a good critic, not because he had failed in everything, but because he had, to a certain extent, succeeded in everything.

Needless to say, Professor Harper has little sympathy with a dilemma of this kind. The spirit and purpose of his book is one which Sainte-Beuve would have commended. He approaches the works entirely through the man. His book is a sympathetic and just endeavour to get at the real Sainte-Beuve. If the real Sainte-Beuve has eluded him, there is only one thing to be said about it—that the real Sainte-Beuve will elude posterity just as he eluded his contemporaries. His mind was too delicately balanced to permit of the weighing of that hair which always turned the scale. There was scarcely a thought or a tendency of his age that he did not reflect. He touched every movement, and was caught by none. He served a novitiate in every creed, and believed in none. He turned into every path along the journey of his life, and remained in none. He essayed every branch of literature, and gave himself entirely to none. If he eluded his contemporaries, it is equally true that he eluded himself. Sainte-Beuve was perhaps the one phenomenon that Sainte-Beuve failed utterly to probe and value. The accounts which he gives of himself are as contradictory as the accounts of his critics. Those who raise the cry of insincerity may profitably be referred, by way of Professor Harper, to a closer reading of their subject. Professor Harper is, indeed, to be congratulated. If there are occasional inconsistencies and some vagueness of outline, it is difficult to see how they could have been avoided. No hardness of outline is possible when a character so elusive as that of Sainte-Beuve has to be

brought upon the canvas. Concerning the style of the book it is only necessary to hint that American readers will perhaps enjoy it more than English. To speak of "bursting foolish bubbles by endeavouring to clasp them to one's heart" is to mix metaphor a little too boldly for this side the Atlantic.

CORPUS DOMINI APUD ANGLOS.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain."

By T. E. Bridgett C.Ss.R. London: Fisher Unwin and Burns and Oates. 1908. 21s. net.

"A History of the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist."

By Darwell Stone. London: Longmans. 1909. 2 vols. 30s. net.

A TALL folio, nobly printed, is so seldom now produced that the critic is disposed to enquire rather jealously whether the contents are worthy of the honour. Father Thurston, who has edited the present reissue, in a considerably pruned and rearranged form, of Bridgett's very discursive treatise, which first appeared in 1881, tells us that the idea was to commemorate the recent Eucharistic Congress by reprinting the most important historical work on the Blessed Sacrament which has as yet appeared on English soil. The occasion and subject were worthy of a fine and scholarly volume.

Father Bridgett's, however, opens badly with three popular fallacies in the first paragraph. Why is he still allowed to confuse the King's Accession Declaration with the Coronation Oath, which is a poor modern Whig thing, but is not vulgar and blasphemous? Why is he allowed to paraphrase the sacrificia missarum condemned in Article XXXI. as a late mediæval abuse by the phrase "the doctrine of Masses", meaning, as the context shows, the authoritative doctrine of the Mass? And it is a cheap misstatement, which ought not to have been suffered to stand, that "the worship of our Lord beneath the sacramental veils" is stigmatised by the reformed Church of England as idolatry, when the Black Rubric distinctly says that it is the worship of the sacramental veils in themselves which is idolatrous, and only condemns, with some of the best Roman doctors, adoration of "a corporal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood", the older phrase "real and essential" having been deliberately altered in 1661. Similarly, the transubstantiation which, as Article XXVIII. cautiously avers, cannot be proved by Holy Writ, was in the original draft of that Article described as "transubstantiatio in Corpus et Sanguinem Christi", but the phrase was not allowed to remain, "the change of the substance of bread and wine" being substituted. Such a change is declared to overthrow the nature of a sacrament, which is essentially the union of two realities, a heavenly and an earthly. It is a ghostly mystery rather than a mere miracle.

The English Reformation, like most human things, was a sadly mixed business, and the Eucharistic teaching of the earlier Reformers was confused and self-contradictory. But certain main motives underlay the appeal to a more primitive doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. One was insistence on the actuality of the outward part or sign in the Cœna Domini, which for Aquinas is mere sense-illusion—"Visus, tactus, gustus in Te fallitur". And a further element of unreality and uncertainty was introduced into a subject where all should be real and certain by the school doctrine that when the Sacrament is physically digested it ceases to be Christ's Body and once more becomes the substance of bread. The second motive of reform was the restoration of Communion in both kinds. An excessively dialectical use of the doctrine of Concomitance had argued that, since entire Christ is given in either species, it is unnecessary for anyone but the celebrant to receive the Cup of the Lord. But the practice had only dated at earliest from the twelfth century, and seemed a perilous tampering with the evangelical institution. We think, by the bye, that Bridgett is right in holding that the English and French Kings received an unconsecrated chalice—like the newly

ordained. But, if so, it seems to have been because they waived their privilege.

A third straining of logic had come to be the regular employment of the Host, with all the attributes deducible from the words "*Hoc est Corpus meum*", for extra-Eucharistic purposes, processional, benedictional, and as an Object of perpetual adoration. The Presence is thus sundered from the Mass—that is to say, from the pleading of the atoning Sacrifice of Calvary. Here again the English Articles content themselves with temperately pointing out that the Sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them. Attractive as is the idea of resort in secret prayer to the "Prisoner of the Tabernacle", Father Bridgett's rhetoric about the banishing of the Redeemer from His ancient homes, so that the Son of Man hath not now where to lay His head, should have been restrained by the remembrance that reservation for such a purpose, whether in sacrament-house, pyx or tabernacle, came in at a comparatively late date. Father Thurston, with the candour which we should expect from so good a scholar, remarks: "The strange thing is that in all the Christian literature of the first thousand years no one has apparently yet found a single clear and definite statement that any person visited a church in order to pray before the Body of Christ, kept upon the altar. Almost equally remarkable is the fact that no one seems to have been yet able to quote a prayer addressed to the Blessed Sacrament, apart from prayers intended for the time of Communion". He adds that in the Oriental Church to this day no extra-liturgical cultus of the Sacrament is practised. Bridgett himself points out that side-chapels for reservation were in former times unknown.

On the other hand, if our author is usually rather unnecessarily polemical, it must be confessed that the writers whom he calls "Protestant" have been accustomed seriously to misrepresent history. They have not been satisfied with urging such considerations as those which we have touched on, with discussing (as the Bishop of Durham has done so well) the history of Elevation, with testing modern practices and theories by the ancient liturgies or by the old *Ordo Romanus*, or with castigating the abuses and corruptions which gathered round the Sacrament of the Altar, some of which Father Bridgett himself describes. But the fashion has been to draw a wholly imaginary and fictitious picture of a pure, non-papal, unsacerdotal, unsuperstitious Anglo-Saxon Church, in which the dignitaries of Barchester Close would find themselves at home and an eleven-o'clock congregation of colonels and farmers could worship comfortably. The slightest acquaintance with the facts gives a rude shock to this vision of ecclesiastical continuity. The essentials may be there, but the atmosphere of belief and practice is completely different. Both sides in this controversy have much to learn and unlearn. Nor is it merely a question how far mediæval Christianity, with its tender idealism and exquisite love of beauty, its frightful scandals, its magnificent creativeness and its tendency to dissolution, is to be admired. For Roman Catholicism is no longer mediæval. Its tawdry modern altars contrasted with the dignified simplicity of those at which our forefathers were houseled are a symptom of much else. There then is the difficulty. Christians have all drifted.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to refer to the massive and impartial history of Eucharistic doctrine which comes fittingly from the Pusey House; but Mr. Darwell Stone's book is an expansion of articles, and of a volume in the "Oxford Library of Practical Theology", which have been for some years before the world. It is as severe and student-like—almost grittily so—as Bridgett's work is picturesque and popular. There is room for both presentations of a subject austere high and difficult but throbbing with poetic light and colour. Mr. Stone's plan is to let the authorities speak for themselves. But a history, as he says, must be something more than a collection of facts or a catena of quotations. Such collections and catenæ are seldom really fair. As regards the

Eucharist, the difficulty is that in the early non-controversial days writers expressed themselves too freely and incautiously, while after controversy had begun they were so afraid of giving opponents an advantage that they narrowed their own language and jealously circumscribed their own standpoint. Thus Mr. Stone shows that the Western mediæval teaching was by no means mainly mechanical and materialist. Yet the necessity of opposing the Berengarians, Lollards and other heretics led, on the whole, to a one-sided presentation of Catholic truth. Similarly our own post-Reformation divines—even the Non-jurors—are so haunted by the Roman spectre that they often seem to talk mere virtualism or receptionism, or to say on one page what they unsay on another. Thus they speak of a "transmutation" or "transelementation" effected by consecration, of a "true and substantial" presence of the Body and Blood, of bodily veneration towards the altar, as being "the greatest place of God's residence upon earth, the throne where His Body is usually present". And almost in the same breath the change which has passed upon the elements is spoken of as one of use rather than of nature. Transubstantiation is "a monster", yet on the altar "God is here prepared and drest", and the priest "at Communion times is in a great confusion as being not only to receive God but to break and administer Him". So again what is made is only a commemoration. Yet "the thing offered is the Body of Christ, which is an eternal and propitiatory sacrifice", and the Eucharist is "profitable to very many not only of the living but also of the dead". It is really not till our own time that a calm and balanced effort to co-ordinate in one view the various aspects of this central Ordinance of Christianity becomes possible. The materials for it now lie ready to hand in Mr. Stone's great book.

SOME GREAT SEAMEN.

"Nelson, and other Naval Studies." By James R. Thursfield. London: Murray. 1909. 12s. net.

OF the ten naval studies which Mr. Thursfield has bound up together, only one, the sketch of Paul Jones' career, has not appeared before. The remainder consists of articles drawn from the "Times", "United Service Magazine", "National Review", "Quarterly Review", and "Naval Annual", the dates of publication ranging between 1898 and 1906. The second essay of the series recalls the brilliant part taken by Mr. Thursfield in the dispute whether the battle of Trafalgar was or was not fought in accordance with the famous memo. and his clever summing-up against the theory of a "mad perpendicular attack". The conclusions he arrived at in the centenary year on the evidence then available have since received striking confirmation in the findings of the independent inquiry undertaken by Colonel Desbrière, Chief of the Historical Section of the General Staff of the French Army, who has had the advantage of examining documents preserved in the French and Spanish archives.

Nelson the tactician vindicated, and Mahan taken to task for allowing the shadow of fair Emma to blur his vision of the hero, Mr. Thursfield rounds off his inspection of the admiral with an appreciation of Nelson the man.

The ground cleared of Nelson, one of the "suppressed characters of naval history" gets sea-room. The distinguished officer to whom Mr. Thursfield has happily applied the nickname of "Single-Action Duncan" has been rather shabbily treated by penmen; although Nelson owns to borrowing a tip from Duncan for the Nile, and the ruse of Collingwood of Cadiz bears a strong family likeness to the game of make-believe played off the "Texel", the victor of Camperdown had to wait for a descendant in the third generation to take his biography in hand.

Corbett, referring to the manœuvres at Camperdown and their place in the evolution of tactics, is of opinion that their result "was an action almost exactly like that

of Nelson at Trafalgar". Mr. Thursfield professes also to see a close resemblance between "the mode of attack adopted by Duncan at Camperdown and that adopted by Nelson at Trafalgar", but he holds the curious view that the breaking through to attack the Dutchmen from to leeward was a novel operation "sanctioned by no recent precedent save that of Rodney at the Saints". The precedent appears to us unfortunate, as it ignores the fundamental difference between breaking the line and leading through, and Mr. Thursfield must have forgotten Howe as well as his signal-book when he called the breaking manoeuvre "novel".

Duncan's report runs: "I made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward". The effect produced was excellent, but whether he really admired his tactics or grasped their significance must remain doubtful, since he explained afterwards in a letter to a relative, "We were obliged from being so near to the land to be rather rash in our attack, by which we suffered more".

A good eye for country, sea instinct and fine seamanship won Camperdown, and this is probably what St. Vincent meant when he wrote "Lord Duncan's action was fought pell-mell (without plan or system)". The accusation of "littleness" brought against Jervis for thus expressing himself is not supported by the quotation taken from Duncan's own letter, which contains nothing to justify the belief held by Mr. Thursfield that "inattention to form and order was the calculated means to a clearly perceived end".

Kempenfelt, another suppressed character of history, in pointing out the necessity for a regular system of tactics eighteen years before Camperdown was fought, had written to Middleton, "Our enemies have theory, we were superior in practice"; and superiority in practice was still the principal British asset at Camperdown. St. Vincent probably knew his man; the sailors of the eighteenth century were quick to recognise a conscious tactician, and Kempenfelt is a case in point, his abilities extracting a grudging tribute even from Paul Jones, the worthy for whom Mr. Thursfield next asks a hearing. The Father of the American Navy has certainly no reason to complain of his advocate for letting slip any point that might tell in his favour, for the plea for a new trial is partly grounded on an ingenious suggestion to credit him with something he might have done had fortune favoured him with greater opportunities. This reminds us of the hunt hen and the eggs she might have laid. The Last Post has rung out over many mute inglorious Nelsons, but, whatever else he may have been, Jones was not mute, he cannot be called inglorious, he was not Nelson. His correspondence proves him to have been a painstaking student of tactics with a keen ear and eye for everything that touched the art of warfare at sea, and no contemptible exponent of what has been well called the higher strategy. Whether he was also the great sea-captain cast in heroic mould, whose "extraordinary gifts and astonishing achievements" have induced Mr. Thursfield and the American Eagle to rolic in hyperbole, or only the bold bad pirate of distinguished talent, originality, and tenacious courage, of whom Sir John Laughton's imagination has drawn a picture for the "Dictionary of National Biography", must always be largely a matter of opinion.

In presenting a case for the sailor of fortune Mr. Thursfield acknowledges his debt to Mr. Buell and also to the "Memoirs" published anonymously in 1825, the authorship of which Mr. John Murray assigns to Benjamin Disraeli. Buell has described friend Paul as "the dark, slender, distinguished, chevalier sans titre de la mer"; the "Memoirs" speak of him as being a "short, thick little fellow, about five feet eight in height, of a dark, swarthy complexion". No two persons see a man or woman in quite the same light, and Mr. Thursfield has a perfect right to take Jones at his own estimate, but when he places John Paul alongside the one and only Horatio for the purpose of comparison, we cannot help feeling that another client has been sacrificed to too keen a sense of humour in counsel.

The last four studies give hero-worship no chance: they carry us forward to our own times, and prove that over-indulgence in the superlative is best and quickest cured by putting the patient through a short course of responsibility.

NOVELS.

"Sixpenny Pieces." By A. Neil Lyons. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

Books dealing with the London poor, either on their humorous or their pathetic side, have been of late years things to be shunned, being mostly written not because the author knew or cared anything about them but because they made good copy. Mr. Lyons' description of them makes good copy, but his interest and his knowledge absolves him from the imputation of that being his first care. He is an artist, yet his human concern for his material is always discernible under his occasionally relentless handling. Both qualities are to be felt in such sketches as "An April Barge", which tells of the drowning of a bargeman in the Regent's Canal viewed from the top of an omnibus. It is quite pitiless in its simplicity, in its unsentimental rendering of the fatuity of the man's death, yet it is steeped in a true tragic sense of the thing, and gives half a dozen philosophies of life in the mere attitude of the observers—the flower-girl, the cornet-player, the wife, the baby and the fat man—upon the 'bus. Their insistence on the unessential is what seems most to impress Mr. Lyons in the poor, but he often contrives in relating it to make the essence come out. He has a happy gift, moreover, of making them explain themselves, as in "The Case of Mrs. Roper", who, comparing herself with a rival when bemoaning her husband's indifference, says "I am on'y 'is wife. I don't flatter 'im. I don't make a fuss of 'im. I don't make meself agreeable. I'm on'y 'is wife." For the few false notes in the book the poor in it are not responsible. The author has sufficient detachment from them to describe them almost as another species. He may not always see them as they are; not, at any rate, as they see themselves, but he can always see them—as part of a picture: they rest quietly within the frame. His own species he cannot render with so sure a touch. Dr. Brink is all right, but of him there is very little direct drawing; but James and Mr. Baffin and the other supernumeraries have always a distracting effect when they appear. The humorous and descriptive vigour with which they are rendered might not sound so much forced in other company.

"Sir Guy and Lady Rannard." By H. N. Dickinson. London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s.

If it is impossible to feel liking for Sir Guy and his wife, it is also impossible not to be interested in them, and, if the tedium of the earlier part of their history is endured, not to be absorbed in and impressed by the description of the sinister development of Guy's nature. The growth of his abnormalities, his suspiciousness and secretiveness, his oblique moral vision in political matters, his violent pugnacity, his inability to adapt himself to his political fellow-workers' methods, all his eccentricities finally culminate in the insanity of a fixed idea. There is something of medical accuracy in the account of the confused workings of his brain; it is in fact a pathological study of merit. His wife, a woman of considerable strength of will and intellectual power, who from indifference has passed to passionate devotion to her husband, is confronted with the horrible realisation that she is in love with a madman, "that she had lavished her worship on the symptoms of imbecility, hung upon his neck, and caressed the framework of a morbid process, adoring a disease and cherishing its ordered characteristics as they arose; that his boyish waywardness and charm had been the phases of a malady, and his tenderness a mental decay; that his affection for her had been a pathological incident; that the force of his manhood had been a by-product of demented energy".

"Attainment." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. London: Alston Rivers. 1909. 6s.

We cannot quite understand Mrs. Ellis' aim in writing this story. The note on the cover says it is "founded on experiments in Socialism and philanthropy, it points to the value of a natural life in every respect." She certainly does not altogether sympathise with the absurd Socialistic Brotherhood which she describes, and which, impossible as it may seem, is quite a conventional household in comparison with an actually existing colony she may have had in mind. Though she is quite earnest and sincere in her exposition of their ridiculous and crude wind-bag philosophy, she, perhaps reluctantly, makes the experiment end in failure. Yet, on the other hand, the story is not a satire; it is quite unpardonably dull, and there is no humour in the description of these tiresome people, some of whom we recognise as well-known cranks. The plot is so incoherent that when a lover comes to claim, in most conventional fashion, the heroine with the Socialist ideals, we have not the faintest idea who he is, and only by diligent search can we find a previous brief mention of him, though apparently in that short appearance, he succeeded in winning her heart. It is altogether an indigestible, crude, and tiresome piece of work, and as far as we can discover quite pointless.

"Set in Silver." By C. M. and A. M. Williamson. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson appear to have travelled in a motor car round the English and Welsh coast from Chichester to Liverpool and then struck across into Northumberland. So if anyone wishes to read impressions of cathedrals from Winchester to Chester, of castles from Tintagel to Bamborough, and of the intervening scenery, he will now know where they can be found. But the thread of story on which these rather conventional pearls are strung is amusing. A retired Anglo-Indian comes to pick up a girl-ward in Paris, but as the young lady was engaged in eloping with a Frenchman she persuaded her dearest friend to impersonate her during the critical period. The story is told in letters, and the friend in question (believed by the Anglo-Indian and by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson to be altogether charming) suggests reflections on the odd blend of minx and sentimentalist in the modern girl which we have not time to formulate.

"The Shuttles of the Loom." By K. M. Edge. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

This discursive tale, which begins in Southern India and brings us via Trieste and Lucerne to London, contains enough topographical information to show that the writer is well acquainted with all these places; but it is difficult, even in these days of elderly young men, to be much interested in an ex-Deputy-Conservator of Forests, aged fifty, whose fancy turns to thoughts of love on the voyage home—though all right-minded ladies will be sorry for him.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The British Empire, Past, Present and Future. Edited by A. F. Pollard. London: The League of the Empire. 1909. 5s. net.

"The Colonies and Imperial Defence." By P. A. Silburn. London: Longmans. 1909. 6s.

Two books which may usefully be read together—one giving a concise account of the Empire in its beginnings, its development, and its present position; the other concerned with the best means of preserving against any enemy, European or other, who might challenge it, what Raleigh and Wolfe and Clive and John Macdonald and Cecil Rhodes secured to the British flag. Mr. Pollard's book is mainly history, though he devotes a good many pages to the needs of the future; Mr. Silburn's only glances at history sufficiently to illustrate his points. "The British Empire" will make an admirable guide for schools and popular purposes; "The Colonies and Imperial Defence" should be studied by all who may have a voice in deciding what part the colonies should play in imperial defence. It is a disquieting reflection that in an Empire of 430 millions of people barely one in 450 is available for its defence. The problems to be considered are manifold: of some the solution rests with the Home Government, of others with the

colonies, of others, again, with both the home and the colonial Governments. True imperial defence demands the co-ordination of imperial resources, so that the whole shall be available for the defence of the whole without exposing any part to unnecessarily grave risks. Mr. Silburn enters in detail into the nature of the risks which have to be met in the various parts of the Empire, and makes a variety of suggestions for meeting them. In his opinion great good to the solidity of the Empire would be derived from the creation of a colonial nobility, which would put new life into imperialism and crush out the self-sufficient tendency sometimes manifest in Australia and Canada. "The staying power of all monarchical government is an aristocracy", he says, and the colonies have no aristocracy. It is, he urges, one of the weaknesses of Australia, with the menace of Japan ever before her, that she should be engrossed in legislating for the immediate present along extreme Socialistic lines—a weakness to which the Australians are not wholly blind if we may judge from recent events. On the eve of the Imperial Defence Conference, Mr. Silburn's book should be of real service, on the practical not less than the speculative side. It will show the colonies that there is as much need for them as for the mother country to think imperially, and that the idea of little navies for colonial defence must be abandoned if the resources of the outer Empire are to be used to the full.

"The English Bible, 1611." Edited by William Aldis Wright. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 5 vols. 20s. net.

The inclusion of the Authorised Version of the English Bible in the series of Cambridge English Classics will seem to many to need explanation. Most people are quite unaware that the text they read to-day differs very much from that first issued in 1611. Spelling and punctuation, even words and phrases, have been altered; while barely a seventh part of the marginal references is due to the original translators. Mr. Aldis Wright's name is sufficient guarantee of the scholarly accuracy of this reissue of the Authorised Version exactly as it was first given to the English people. There were two issues in 1611, commonly known as the Ho Bible and the She Bible, from the fact that the phrase in Ruth iii. 15, "he went into the citie", was

(Continued on page 24.)

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changed in the second issue into "she went into the city". Modern Bibles are variations of the She Bible. In this edition we are brought back with literal accuracy to the He Bible. The reprint is not only accurate, but has wide margins, large spaces, and clear print. If it has not the dignity of the original edition—a handsome black-letter folio, with two columns on a page—a link with the old form has been preserved by rigidly keeping the folio column to a page of the octavo reprint. The edition has a real interest, not only for the student, but for all English-speaking people, who rightly regard the Authorised Version of the Bible as "the noblest example of the English tongue".

"A Holiday in Connemara." By Stephen Gwynn M.P. London: Methuen. 10s. 6d.

This book looks as if specially written to illustrate the difference between journalism and literature, a mixture of both, by a writer capable of either according as required. The price is 10s. 6d., but about 9s. 6d. worth is journalism, that is, a product of necessities other than literary. The other shilling's worth arises from the author's own mind and feeling. The distinction is as obvious as the causes controlling it. The question is suggested on almost every page. How far can a clever man write what he thinks about Galway and hold a seat for Galway in the House of Commons? Outside Ireland Mr. Gwynn can write gracefully about human things, mental and moral interests included. Inside Ireland he writes about fish. The subject of fish is one that need not raise any serious questions of mental and moral interest; and so long as a man avoids these, he may hold a seat for Galway. Hence the 9s. 6d. worth of fish-writing and the odd shilling's worth of human interest. There is "writing" about women, all of the kind to secure "the man for Galway"; but when he comes to clothes the mind is free, and the man of letters, taking the place of the journalist, is worth reading: "Modern dress (for women) conveys as a rule the notion of a creature with an upper and lower half, more or less neatly put together at the waist". If he were as free to write about men and women, we might have had 9s. 6d. worth of literature. It appears that a man may have opinions of his own on clothes and keep his seat for Galway. He observes of others who write about Ireland: "Any man writing from the standpoint of a professed Catholic, or of a professed Nationalist, who will undertake to show the seamy side either of Irish Catholicism or Irish Nationalism, finds his books bought up with avidity by the enemies of Ireland". Mr. Gwynn seems to be thinking of his famous contemporary Mr. M. J. McCarthy, with whom he is substantially in agreement, but cannot say so and remain the man for Galway.

"The Foundations of the Origin of Species." By Charles Darwin. Edited by Francis Darwin. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

The Syndics of the University Press printed in a separate volume the first sketch made by Darwin in 1842, entitled "The Foundations of the Origin of Species". It was intended for presentation on the occasion of the celebration at Cambridge of the centenary of Darwin's birth and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species". The essay is edited by Mr. Francis Darwin, with an introduction discussing the growth of Darwin's ideas and the origin of the essay.

Besides this essay the Syndics have published the book mentioned above, which contains, in addition to the essay of 1842, another and longer one of 1844. The earlier sketch is too imchoate, except for adepts in science who are capable of quickly seizing hints and suggestions, and its interest is chiefly historical. Of the 1844 essay, however, Mr. Dalton remarks that its freshness and the fuller discussion of some subjects make it good reading even for those who are familiar with the "Origin". The reader may also put to himself the question, What effect would have been produced if this, instead of the "Origin", had been published? and speculate on the answer.

"The Life Story of the Otter." By J. C. Tregarthen. London: Murray. 1909. 6s. net.

The true sportsman is instinctively in sympathy with his quarry; he is anxious to know him and shake hands with him, as it were, before putting the gloves on. Whether Mr. Tregarthen is a sportsman or merely a keen observer of wild life we do not know. He manages to put into his books just those touches which will appeal to every follower of the hounds, whether fox or otter be the quest. Mr. Tregarthen has made himself familiar with the otter's most intimate doings: his study must have meant midnight as well as daylight vigils, winter and summer, over wide stretches of country. He throws his chapters into the form of a biography—a form which enables him vividly to illustrate the animal's moods and fears and emotions. It is a pity Mr. Tregarthen did not confine his book to the otter:

when he writes of human beings he seems to lose his insight and his grip. It is no mean compliment to say that the general reader and the old otter-hunter will alike find this "life story" extremely entertaining.

"Notes by the Way, with Memoirs of Joseph Knight and Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth." By John Collins Francis. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Francis' "Notes by the Way" consist mainly of reprints of notes and articles from "Notes and Queries" with records of its history, its editors, and many notable contributors. The intention of the book is to commemorate the sixtieth year of the founding of "Notes and Queries". Mr. Francis has written for this volume the two above-mentioned memoirs. As to the memoir of Joseph Knight, while there is much in it which all admirers of that remarkable man will read with interest, it is not such a biography as we are entitled to expect, and it ought not to be considered as a satisfactory substitute. Such a rare character and career as Knight's call for a record more regular and substantial.

The Industrial Law Committee, York Mansion, York Street, Westminster, has issued the Report of its work for 1908, and of that of the Industrial Law Indemnity Fund for 1907 and 1908. It is pleasant to see that the operations of this very useful committee have been extended during the last year, so much so that the whole instead of the half time of the secretary has been employed. Increased work naturally means more expense, both in spreading information and procuring the redress of the many injustices which are committed on factory workers due to wilful or ignorant breaches of the laws passed for their protection. This work is so important that there ought to be no question of the inadequacy of funds.

We have received from Mr. John Murray No. 20 of the "Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation" (5s. net). The articles in this number show how invaluable the journal of the society is as the record of the ideas of British jurists on International Law and Comparative Jurisprudence. It is no longer open to the criticism which we ourselves once made, that some of its articles were too much of the ordinary monthly or quarterly magazine type. The Aristotelian motto of the title-page is lived up to in the two-hundred-pages review of foreign and British and Colonial legislation.

For this Week's Books see page 26.



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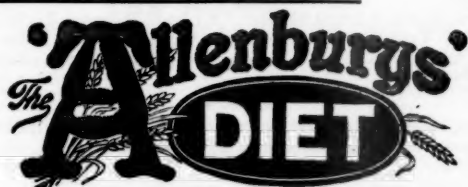
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The Foundations of the Origin of Species: Two Essays, written
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THEOLOGY

The Gospel of Rightness (C. E. Woods). Williams and Nor-
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Ecclesiasticus: The Greek Text of Codex (J. H. A. Hart). Cam-
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(William Dunn Macray). Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
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Abridged Report of the Directors for the year ended 31st December, 1908.

ACCOUNTS.

The Working Profit for the year ended 31st December, 1908, after deducting administration expenses and depreciation of office furniture, &c., amounted to £148,347 2s. 8d., which, added to the balance of unappropriated profit brought forward from 1907 of £8,064 9s. 6d., makes a total credit to Appropriation Account of £156,411 12s. 3d. Out of this will be paid Dividend No. 4 of 5 per cent., declared April 1909, on the issued capital, and absorbing £93,750, leaving a balance of unappropriated profit (subject to sundry commissions due to certain members of the staff) carried forward to 1909 of £62,661 12s. 3d.

The usual practice has been followed of taking the Share and Stock holdings into the Balance Sheet either at cost or at the Stock Exchange making-up prices current at the date the accounts were made up, whichever is the lower. The book cost of the share investments is considerably less than the market prices at the date of the accounts, but of this unrealised profit no account has been taken, and in no case has an asset been written up. There is also a considerable appreciation in the value of mining claims above the cost at which they stand in the books.

DIVIDEND.

Out of the realised profits for the past year your Directors, on the 6th April, 1909, declared a dividend of 5 per cent. (equal to 1s. per share) on the issued capital payable to shareholders registered on the 23rd April, 1909, and absorbing £93,750.

GOLD MINING COMPANIES MANAGED BY THE CORPORATION.

The major portion of the share investments are in the nine mines under the management and control of the Corporation. These are Meyer & Charlton Gold Mining Company, Limited; Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited; New Goch Gold Mines, Limited; Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited; Aurora West United Gold Mining Company, Limited; West Rand Consolidated Mines, Limited; New Steyn Estate Gold Mines, Limited; Rand Collieries, Limited; and Cinderella Deep, Limited.

The total issued share capitals at 31st December, 1908, of these nine Companies amounted to £4,754,424. They own properties on the Main Reef Series comprising 5,760 claims, and also freehold land 18,243 acres in extent, and coal rights over about 5,910 acres.

In reviewing the collective results obtained by the producing mines under the control of the Corporation, your Directors have pleasure in recording the entry into the list during the past twelve months of three new contributors—the Aurora West United, the Cinderella Deep, and the West Rand Consolidated Mines. As, however, these three mines only commenced crushing operations during the latter part of the year, only a partial effect of their output capacity is reflected in the results attained when taken over the whole period. In the aggregate, the seven mines (the Meyer and Charlton, New Goch, Roodepoort United, Van Ryn, Aurora West, Cinderella Deep, and West Rand Consolidated) treated 1,061,178 tons of ore, yielding gold and other revenue to the amount of £1,662,566, for a gross profit of £679,586. During the previous year the tonnage crushed was 839,107 tons, producing a total revenue of £1,427,559 and giving a gross profit of £528,744. The operations for the year under review therefore show an additional tonnage of 242,071 tons, with an increase in revenue of £235,007 and augmented profits to the extent of £150,842. At the end of the past year the total number of stamps running was 655, as compared with 460 in December 1907. The working expenditure of the Group for the year 1908 amounted to £962,980, equivalent to 18s. 2.2d. per ton crushed, as compared with £1 1s. 5d. per ton for 1907, £1 3s. 1d. for 1906, and £1 2s. 5d. for 1905. It will be seen therefore, that the steady diminution in the average working costs which has been effected in recent years has been more than maintained during the year under report, and this decrease is emphasised in a striking manner by a comparison of the comparatively low average figure of 18s. 2.2d. per ton attained for the past year with the average working cost of £1 8s. per ton for the year 1903. The payable ore reserves at 31st December, 1908, of these producing mines amounted to 3,351,000 tons of an average assay value of 7.1 dwts. over stopping width. The Meyer and Charlton declared dividends for the year equal to 60 per cent. (and a further 40 per cent. as bonuses), amounting in all to £100,000; the Van Ryn distributions aggregated 42½ per cent. for the year, absorbing £212,500, and the Roodepoort United declared 25 per cent. for the period, amounting to £73,750. The total dividends paid by these three mines since their inception amount in the aggregate to £1,985,808.

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MINING PROPERTIES, CLAIM HOLDINGS AND REAL ESTATE, &c.

The Corporation holds various mining properties, claims, real estate and house property, &c., standing in the Balance Sheet at £264,117 11s. 10d. They include 654½ Main Reef claims on various sections of the Witwatersrand, which on the basis of current valuations show a considerable appreciation over the price at which they stand in the books of your Corporation. The real estate and house properties are all situate in Johannesburg, and produce fair rentals.

GENERAL.

It is a source of gratification to your Directors that they are able not only to record a continued and marked improvement during the past year in the returns from the producing mines under the control of the Corporation, but also to point to the fact that the unreasonable scepticism of twelve months ago has ceased to exist and is replaced by a growing confidence in the values and potentialities of mining properties on these fields. The practical result of this more rational view is happily illustrated in the absence from the accompanying accounts of the Corporation of any depreciation of assets, and its consequent re-entry into the dividend-paying list. The incessant care which your Directors have devoted to the management of the subsidiary companies has resulted in the material reduction of working expenditure on the producing and developing mines to a highly satisfactory extent, but there is no intention of allowing that watchfulness to lessen, but rather that the success so far achieved shall act as a spur to further efforts in the direction of legitimate but economical improvements.

Johannesburg, 15th May, 1909.

GEORGE ALBU, Chairman.

ABRIDGED BALANCE SHEET AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1908.

Dr.		£	s.	d.
To capital (Authorised and Issued)—				
As per Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1907—				
1,874,000 Shares of £1 each	£1,874,000	0	0	
1,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each	1,000	0	0	
		1,875,000	0	0
„ Deposits		460,228	8	3
„ Bills Payable, Creditors for Stock Bought, but not yet taken up, Sundry Creditors, and Unclaimed Dividends		309,567	9	6
„ House Property Redemption and Depreciation Reserve Account—				
As at 31st December, 1907		20,000	0	0
„ Appropriation Account—				
Balance from 31st December, 1907	£8,064	9	6	
Profit for the year ended 31st December, 1908, as per Profit and Loss Account	148,347	2	8	
		156,411	12	3
„ Contingent Liability in respect of Uncalled Capital on Shares and Investments		£920	0	0
		£2,821,207	10	0

Cr.		£	s.	d.
By Stocks and Shares (at or under Cost)—In companies under the Management of the Corporation				
£1,032,180	17	8		
In other Companies	74,821	3	2	
		1,107,002	0	10
„ Debentures of Public Companies, &c.		116,428	10	0
„ Mining Properties, Claim Holdings, Real Estate and House Property in Johannesburg, and other Assets and Office Furniture		266,893	1	2
„ Advances against Securities (including Stocks and Shares taken in), Sundry Debtors (including advances to Mining and other Companies) and Debtors for Stock Sold, but not yet delivered		1,063,397	16	8
„ Cash at Banks and in hand		247,486	1	4
		£2,821,207	10	0

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

Dr.		£	s.	d.
To Administration Expenses in Johannesburg, London, Berlin, and Paris, including Managing Directors' Fees, Salaries of Staff and Engineering Department, Rents, Stationery, Printing, Advertising, Travelling Expenses, Cable and General Expenses, less Amounts received from other Companies				
		34,559	15	7
„ Directors' Fees		2,000	0	0
„ Depreciation—Office Furniture, Fixtures, Fittings, &c.		1,410	16	2
„ Balance, being Profit for Year, taken to Appropriation Account		148,347	2	8
		£186,317	14	6

Cr.		£	s.	d.
By Profits on Stocks and Shares Realised				
		121,673	4	5
By Sundry Revenue in respect of Dividends, Interest, Transfer Fees, Commissions, Rent of House Property, &c.		64,644	10	1
		£186,317	14	6

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Lists will close for Cash Applications on or before Monday, 5th July, and for Conversion Applications on Monday, 12th July.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

Issue of £6,500,000 3½% Stock,

Redeemable at par in London, 1st July, 1950, with option to the Government to redeem at par on or after 1st July, 1930, on giving six months' notice.

Interest payable 1st January and 1st July. Six months' Interest payable 1st January, 1910.

PRICE OF ISSUE, £98½ PER CENT.

Holders of the £4,295,776 outstanding 4 per cent. Reduced Bonds and Stock, maturing 1st January, 1910, can exchange for an equivalent amount of this Stock on the terms stated in the full Prospectus, and applications from such holders will receive preferential allotment.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada having complied with the requirements of the Colonial Stock Act 1900, Trustees are empowered, subject to the restrictions set forth in the Trustee Act 1893, to invest in this Stock.

The BANK OF MONTREAL, the Financial Agents of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, is authorised by the Minister of Finance to offer the above Stock for subscription at 98½ per cent, payable in respect of cash applications as follows:—

£5	per cent. on Application.
£18 10s.	" " 19th July, 1909.
£35	" " 24th August, 1909.
£40	" " 23rd September, 1909.
£98 10s.	

Payment in full may be made on or after 19th July under discount at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

The Loan is issued under the authority of Chapter 23 of the Statutes of Canada, 1908, to provide for the outstanding balance (£4,295,776) of the Loan maturing 1st January, 1910, and Chapter 19 of the Statutes of Canada, 1909, to provide for the advance of \$10,000,000 (say, £2,054,794 10s. 5d.) to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company to assist in the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway.

By an Order in Council, dated 23rd June, 1909, the Government of the Dominion of Canada has created a Cumulative Sinking Fund of ½ per cent. per annum in respect of this Stock, including the £8,000,000 previously issued.

Cash applications for £10 and multiples thereof should be lodged, with a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount applied for, at the Bank of Montreal, 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

scrip Certificates to bearer in respect of cash applications will be issued against Allotment Letters, and, when fully paid, will be exchangeable for Definitive Stock Certificates.

The Stock will be registered and transferable in any amount by deed, free of Stamp duty, at the Bank of Montreal, London, at which Bank the principal will be payable.

The Revenues of the Dominion of Canada alone are liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon or for any matter relating thereto.—(Colonial Stock Acts, 1877 to 1900.)

Stock Certificates to Bearer, with coupons for the half-yearly dividends attached, will be obtainable in exchange for Registered Stock at the Bank of Montreal on payment of the prescribed fees, and such Certificates can be re-registered as Stock at the will of the holder.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bank of Montreal, 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or of Messrs. B. Nivison & Co. Bank Buildings, Princes Street, London, E.C.

London: 1st July, 1909.

This Form may be used.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

Issue of £6,500,000 3½ per Cent. Stock.

Price £98½ per cent.

CASH APPLICATION FORM.

TO BANK OF MONTREAL,
47 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to you the sum of £ being a deposit 5 per cent. on £ of the above Stock I/we hereby request that you will allot me/us that amount of Stock, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me/us and to pay the further sums due on such allotment, according to the terms of your Prospectus dated 1st July 1909.

Name (in full).....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full).....

Date..... July, 1909.

Cheques should be drawn to BEARER, and crossed BANK OF MONTREAL.
Applications must be for multiples of £10 Stock.

MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF CANADA.)

THREADNEEDLE HOUSE,
31 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

1st July, 1909.

To the Shareholders of the

MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED,
GENTLEMEN,

In view of the exaggerated and inconsistent reports which have been circulated with reference to the extent of the accident which occurred at Necaxa in May last, the Board have deemed it desirable that I should make a short report to the Shareholders of the result of the investigation which I made on my recent visit to Mexico.

As soon as the accident occurred I proceeded to Necaxa in conjunction with Mr. James D. Schuyler, the Consulting Engineer of the Company in charge of the construction of the Company's dams.

As it is evident from the rumours which have been circulated that an entire misconception exists regarding the accident, as well as the extent to which the dam at Necaxa is essential to the operation of the Company's business, it will not be out of place to shortly outline the hydraulic development of the Company.

The capacity of the Power Station is at present 48,000 H.P., but the enlargement of the station is now under construction, and by the 1st January next it will have a capacity of 64,000 H.P., and by July 1st, 1910, the present works will be completed, when the Company will have a Power Station with a capacity of 96,000 H.P.

The reservoir system, when completed, will consist of six large reservoirs, with a capacity of about 192,000,000 cubic metres of water, which will be sufficient to store the flood waters during the rainy season, and provide more than the supply of water necessary during the dry season for the operation of the Company's Power Station to its full and enlarged capacity above mentioned.

The business of the Company has increased so rapidly that it has not been possible during construction to keep pace with the demands for power, and, in consequence, the Company has been obliged to operate partly by steam plant during each dry season to make up for the water deficiency, and this was done during the last dry season which has just ended. I am of opinion, however, that there will be no necessity to operate the steam plant in the future, as two large reservoirs have now been completed and can be used to store water to their full capacity during the present rainy season. The capacity of the two reservoirs referred to is approximately 68,000,000 cubic metres, which alone will be sufficient to provide all the water necessary for the Company's operation during the next dry season. Before the dry season of 1911 all the reservoirs now under construction should be completed, and there will then be sufficient water stored to operate the power station to its full capacity under any condition of load in the driest season.

The dam at Necaxa by which the third reservoir is formed, and which is under construction, is the one to which the accident happened in May last. This accident consisted of a slide, into the reservoir on the up-stream side of the dam, of earth and rock, which had recently been sluiced into the dam and had not solidified. As the slide occurred at the top of the dam it did not affect the lower portions, which are intact; nor did it affect the down-stream side of the dam, which remains in first-class condition, and which is proved by the accident to be capable of resisting all the water pressure to which it can be subject when the reservoir is full. To repair the damage it will only be necessary to replace the material which has slid out. All the pumps, flumes, and other apparatus, used in the construction of the dam, were uninjured by the slide and, consequently, the only expense in connection with the replacement is the actual cost of labour in handling the material, and this can be accurately estimated from the cost of doing this character of work during the past two years. On this basis the cost of the replacement should amount to approximately £40,000, making the total cost of the dam about £368,000 instead of £328,000 as originally estimated. The accident will only delay the completion of the dam by about six months. At the present time, in spite of the accident, the reservoir formed by the dam can store 15,000,000 cubic metres of water, which is as much, in all probability, as would have been stored during this rainy season in any event. The accident has not affected the actual operation of the power house, except for a short time when the slide occurred, nor has it affected the supply of power to any of the customers of the Company. The earth filling, which has been in place for some time at the dams which are already completed, has solidified satisfactorily, and no anxiety need be felt as to permanency of these dams or the dams under construction.

As a result of my recent visit to Mexico, I can assure all Shareholders that the Company's business is in a sound and flourishing condition, and that the accident will not adversely affect the present or future earnings of the Company. I am also glad to be able to state that the relations existing between the Company's officials and its customers and the Government are most satisfactory and harmonious.

Yours faithfully,

For MEXICAN LIGHT & POWER COMPANY, LIMITED,

F. S. PEARSON,
President.

MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

THE Twelfth Ordinary General Meeting of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., was held on Monday at River Plate House, Mr. G. Marconi (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding. The Chairman, in proposing the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, said that he was occupying the position of Chairman in consequence of the resignation, through ill-health, of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, whose valuable services to the Company were warmly appreciated. In regard to the report he had not much to add except that since it was issued the position of the Company continued rapidly to improve. Important orders for stations and plant had been received from the Portuguese and Greek Governments, and he was glad to be able to say that the value of orders in hand amounted to over £100,000, with every prospect of a very substantial increase in the immediate future. The Transatlantic station at Clifden in Ireland had been completed, and though there had been delay through the failure of certain manufacturers to deliver, the plant had in every way come up to his expectations in regard to efficiency. In regard to the corresponding station at Glace Bay the machinery was now on the way to Canada, and he did not expect that more than a month would be required for its efficient erection. The limited service across the Atlantic which had now been established for over 18 months had continued to give satisfaction to its principal users, but the service, although exceedingly useful to the Company, had been very difficult to maintain efficiently, while additions and alterations were being constantly carried out at the terminal stations. No doubt a very great extension of the Transatlantic service might be anticipated as soon as the complete duplication of the station in Canada had taken place, which would enable the Company to accept from 15,000 to 20,000 words per day for transmission across the Atlantic between Clifden and Glace Bay. The board expected about the end of August to be in a position to invite the Post Office to give effect to their agreement with the Postmaster-General relative to the acceptance and delivery of the Company's Transatlantic messages at all the Government telegraph offices throughout the United Kingdom. A considerable addition had been made to the number of ships carrying the Marconi system. He thought this was an eloquent proof that even under what certain foreign Governments or their representatives called conditions of open competition, the system controlled by the Company had been able more than to hold its own against other systems, even although the latter were powerfully assisted by Governments which considered their development a question of national and political importance. The assistance rendered by the Company's organisation of wireless telegraphy to the steamship "Slavonia" was still fresh in the memories of all. The two assisting ships, the "Princess Irene," of the North-German Lloyd, and the "Batavia," of the Hamburg-American line, were among the vessels fitted with the Marconi system shortly after the accident to the White Star liner "Republic" in the North Atlantic on January 23 last, on which occasion also the efficiency of wireless telegraphy, as worked by the Company's employees, was fully demonstrated. It should be gratifying to the shareholders to know that wireless telegraphy was beginning to be considered every day more and more by the Press and the general public as likely to afford the most efficient and economical method for satisfactory telegraphic communication between the distant parts of the British Empire. After quoting from the leading article in the "Times" of the 26th ult. and referring to the resolution which was passed at the meeting of the Imperial Press Conference last Friday (urging upon the Governments concerned "the desirability of establishing a chain of wireless telegraph stations between all British countries"), he said that the stations of his systems erected by the Italian Government on the Somaliland coast in East Africa had now been completed and were working satisfactorily. Since the last meeting arrangements had been made on satisfactory terms with the Meteorological Offices in London and Hamburg for the supply of weather reports from vessels crossing the Atlantic. The Company's relations with his Majesty's Government were now on a most satisfactory basis. While the complete financial success of the Company was dependent on the full and efficient working of the Transatlantic stations, a very large measure of success could now be obtained by the execution of orders in hand, which were coming in from all parts of the world. In regard to the balance-sheet, the board had every reason to be satisfied with the position of the Company and with the amount of work which had been carried out during the time under review. The Directors, after careful consideration and with the approval of the Auditors, agreed that it would be unnecessary and inadvisable, if not misleading, to present a profit and loss account with the balance-sheet for the period ended December 31, 1908, for the reason stated by the Chairman at the last annual general meeting—namely, that, pending the completion of the long-distance stations, it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to prepare a reliable profit and loss account, on which point there would be a considerable difference of opinion as to the proper amount to be capitalised. In conclusion, he had pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hammersley Heenan (of Messrs. Heenan and Froude, engineers, Manchester and Worcester), Mr. Frederick Whowell (Managing Director of the Bleachers' Association, Manchester), and Captain Henry R. Sankey (late of Messrs. Williams and Robinson) had joined the board. After warmly recognising the services of the staff, he concluded by moving the adoption of the report. Colonel Sir C. Euan-Smith seconded the motion, after which Mr. Heenan and Mr. Whowell addressed the meeting. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN).

THE Seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern), Limited, was held on Wednesday at the St. Pancras Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. Jesse Boot (the Chairman and Managing Director of the Company).

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—Our annual meeting is held rather later than usual this year. The fact is, I could not very well get back earlier from a prolonged trip I have been making abroad, and after being at every meeting since the formation of the Company I felt that I must, if possible, be present—hence the delay. I am pleased to say there is no remarkable feature about our accounts. You will see from the figures we have earned slightly more than last year. Taking into account the depression in trade that has prevailed in most of the districts where our eastern depots are situated, I think we may congratulate ourselves upon being able to pay our usual dividend. That we are able to do so is, in part, owing to the fact that many of the businesses belonging to the Company are old-established, and so well in favour with the public that any little competition we get seems to benefit the business rather than otherwise. A number of our premises are held on long leaseholds at reasonable rents, and a good proportion of the most important are our own freeholds, therefore free from any exorbitant rises in rent. The splendid up-to-date character of our premises has been a prominent feature in the business. We wish to continue this policy, as its success has fully justified the expenditure, and in the present balance-sheet you will notice that we have taken £1,000 from the profits for renewals and displacements. One event—which, however, does not affect our Company alone, though we played a leading part in it—and an event which might be considered historical in the history of the retail drug trade, was the passing of the Poisons and Pharmacy Act at the close of the last Session of Parliament. I am not going to inflict upon you a history of our twenty years' contest for the right to trade as chemists and druggists, but merely say that we are now on a friendly footing with the pharmaceutical authorities, who are the regulating body in everything that respects the technical part of the business—that we retain our signs, our hoist-flags, so to speak, under which we compete for our business, the well-known name of Boots Cash Chemists, not a mere Boots drug stores; and last, but not least, we have established a better status for qualified chemists, of whom we have over 500 in our associated companies, and whom I regard as the finest staff of educated and diplomaed men connected with the chemist's business in the country. With these few remarks I commend the adoption of the report to you with confidence, and now formally propose: "That the accounts be received, and that the distribution of the profits as recommended in the Directors' report be and is hereby adopted."

Sir James Duckworth, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Boot, and the staff was proposed by Sir James Duckworth, M.P., seconded by Mr. Batty Langley, and unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman having acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

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Spectator.—"Mr. Stevens has contrived to bring home with quite extraordinary skill the mingled elements of fatalism, savagery, and fascination that unite in this strange woman" (Mabrouka). "The book abounds in remarkable passages: word-pictures of the glamour of Tunis and the magic of the African night; scenes of terror and stories of demoniacal possession. An immense amount of study and faithful observation is embodied in this singular and engrossing picture of the Arab in transition, of the clash of Eastern and Western ideals. Mr. Stevens never intrudes his own views. His self-effacement is complete and his impartiality almost inhuman. 'The Veil' is not only a considerable literary achievement and an elaborate study in exotic characterisation; indirectly it throws a good deal of light on the domestic problems which confront the party of reform in Turkey. **This brilliant novel is much more than a tour de force.**"

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Morning Leader.—"The Veil' is one of the most effective and interesting novels we have read for a long time."

Glasgow News.—"Egypt, Arabia, and Morocco have laid bare their secrets at the bidding of Messrs. Hichens, Mason, and others, but it has been left to a girl, and that, too, in her first novel, to utilise the possibilities of Tunis. It is no detraction from Miss Stevens' book to say that in its passages of vivid exotic description it reminds one of Robert Hichens at his best, and that its plot recalls Mr. Seton Merriman. Miss Stevens deserves to be heartily congratulated."

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